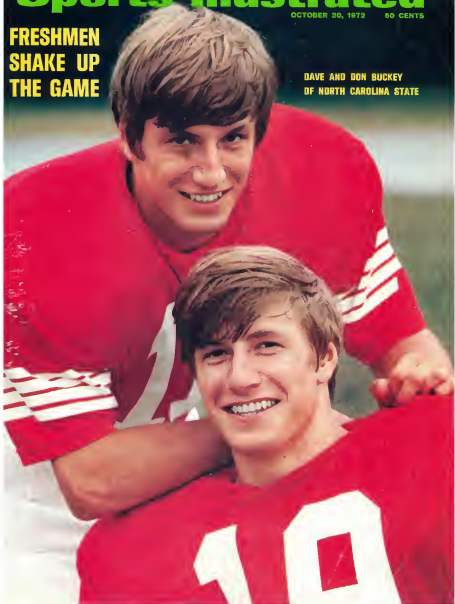


Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 30, 1972 60 CENTS

**FRESHMEN
SHAKE UP
THE GAME**

**DAVE AND DON BUCKEY
OF NORTH CAROLINA STATE**





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European cars used to come two ways. Plain and inexpensive, or sexy and expensive.

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That's why, after only two years, Capri's outselling every European car in America, except one.

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It's not just stereo sound, it's beautiful stereo sound.

But, then, even just plain FM or AM is just plain beautiful on this portable.

After all, it's a Sony. And that's quality. Inside and out.

SONY
Ask anyone.

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Next week

AN ICEY BATTLE for the Philadelphia dollar pits Bobby Clarke and the NHL Flyers against ex-Bruin Derek Sanderson and the WHA Blazers. Mark Mulvey is at ringside.

WHO'S AFRAID of the big bad Wolverines? Everybody, with Michigan undefeated and set to avenge last year's Rose Bowl embarrassment. William Johnson sounds the alarm.

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If Satellite sounds like your kind of car, stop at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. Take a good look at our new Satellite.

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With a Panasonic cassette deck you can listen to uninterrupted music for 1½ hours.

No matter how much listening time you have, Panasonic has a stereo cassette deck for you.

If you've got the stamina, there's the RS-296US. We call it the Juke Box. It plays 20 cassettes in a row. Both sides. Without stopping. In any order. So you can mix Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. With a little Blood, Sweat and Tears. There's a noise suppressor system. So the machine won't hum along with the melody. And Auto-Stop shuts off the machine at the end of the last tape. So you can forget about everything but the music. For up to 2¼ days.

But if you don't have that much time. There's the RS-272 US. It



can give you up to 3 hours of uninterrupted music. Because it has Automatic Reverse. To play the second side when the first side is finished. There's a tape selector for regular or new chromium dioxide tapes. And 2 VU meters. One for each channel. So when you're recording or listening, you can see what you're hearing.

For people with less time, there's the RS-262US. It has pause

control. So you can stop the tape when you're recording. Without shutting off the machine. There's also a tape selector switch. Slide lever volume controls. And a safety-lock record button. So you don't erase all your notes.

Finally there's the RS-261US. With a lot of the features we put in our bigger, more expensive models. Like pushbutton controls. Two big VU meters. And Auto-Stop. In its midnight black cabinet, this recorder looks as rich as its big brothers.

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The people who are keeping the gonorrhea epidemic going are people who often don't know they have it.



These are the common symptoms of gonorrhea.

Men will notice a painful, burning sensation when urinating, and a yellow-white discharge. For women, a vaginal discharge.

As bad as it is, that's not the worst.

The worst symptom is no symptoms at all.

Don't kid yourself. You're not safe if no symptoms show up.

Public health authorities say four of every five women who have gonorrhea have absolutely no immediate signs that they do. Same for one of every five men who have it.

There are 750,000 Americans today who have gonorrhea and need treatment. But many of them don't know they have it. These people are a major factor in keeping the epidemic going.

Like everybody, we at Metropolitan Life are concerned.

And we think we can help.

First, if you have any reason to think you have been exposed to gonorrhea, you'd be making an extremely wise choice if you had yourself tested. In most states, if you're a minor, a doctor is free to treat you without the consent of your parents.

In a few states, it's against the

law for a doctor to treat you without your parents' say-so. To find out the situation in your state, call your local department of health. It's in the phone book.

Second, those questions you have. We've prepared a booklet called, "Facts you should know about VD but probably don't." We'll send it to you if you write "Facts," Metropolitan Life, One Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. Don't worry. We'll treat your request confidentially.



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

HOW TO KILL A GOLDEN GOOSE

Baseball made a stupidly self-defeating decision in allowing commercial television to dictate its scheduling of the World Series (page 39). The glitter of TV gold made baseball's brass forget that for all its faults, the quadrum national pastime still exercises a powerful hold on the public. Baseball at its best is a marvelous show that almost everyone enjoys. Proof of this is found in surveys of past World Series telecasts. Even when games were spread over a week or more and were played in the afternoon rather than at night, the Series consistently drew the largest sustained audiences for anything—not just sports—shown on the tube.

But these astonishing audiences on weekday afternoons were not enough. "Prime time" became the shibboleth. Baseball, letting itself be conned by TV, began to look upon the Series as a new kind of low-suds detergent. The schedule was warped and twisted so that a maximum number of games could be aimed at the optimum "prime time" selling moments. It no longer mattered that what baseball was selling was competition, a showdown between the two best teams in the sport. Games began at 5 p.m., two-night doubleheader time, gimmick time. Players were flown 2,000 miles and rushed to the ball park with five hours' sleep in order to squeeze in a Saturday game in Cincinnati barely 18 hours after they had played in Oakland. Display rather than quality had become baseball's criterion.

Baseball forgot that the World Series is a Special Event, something that makes people leave their desks to gather around a TV set for a couple of hours. It creates its own audience; it does not have to lure viewers away from the daily products of show biz. Putting the Series into the rat race of nighttime programming diminishes that special quality, and eventually it will be lost. Then the World Series will be just one more TV show, competing for popularity with *48 h* or the

Family and *Carol Burnett*. And you can bet your *T.I. Guide* that in time it will be shoved onto a back shelf. Even in the flush of today's success, the TV executive is always looking for tomorrow's prime-time winner.

DEADEYE

Bow and arrow hunters, these glamorous figures, were practically shut out in Texas this past hunting season. Only 20 deer were killed with arrows during the special periods set aside for archers in four Texas areas. In one such place the Robin Hoods shot 101 arrows and hit three deer. In another, 140 hunters sent arrows flying at a total of 93 deer and killed only four.

All of which seemed to point up the wisdom of a cynical oldtimer who said, "If the bow and arrow was worth a damn, the Indians would still own this country."

FOR THE PLAINTIFF

The chairman of the U.S. Olympic basketball committee, M. K. (Bill) Summers, said last week that he hoped Avery Brundage, you remember him, would represent the U.S. before the International Olympic Committee next February in its appeal of the controversial Russia-U.S. basketball game. "Mr. Brundage was very upset about what happened," Summers said, "and he asked that we get all the evidence we could."

Summers thinks the U.S. case is airtight, with or without Avery. He says, sworn, notarized statements have been obtained from the scorer, the timer, the 30-second-clock operator, a spotter and the man who ran the F engines clock in the basketball hall at the Munich Games. "The referee has also pronounced a statement," Summers said, "but the umpire told us that if he gave us one he would never get out of Bulgaria."

The affidavits, according to Summers, are all to the effect that the replay of the final three seconds, which allowed the Russians to score the winning bas-

kets, was not legal under the rules. Turning the clock back, he says, was an unauthorized decision by R. William Jones, secretary-general of the International Amateur Basketball Federation and a court-side observer.

It would be nice if the hearing were in open court. The idea of Brundage appearing before the IOC, unlikely as that prospect is, is a fascinating one.

INSTANT TRADITION

One of the silliest customs in American football is that of players hoisting the coach to their shoulders after a victory and carrying him off the field. This indicates the win is properly his and seems to support Avery Brundage's contention that football has become a chess game.



played by coaches. Really, who should the coach be carried? It could seem more logical for the coach and his assistants to run out on the field and hit the quarterback or the middle linebacker, or whichever player did most to enflame the coaches' position and reputation and, not incidentally, income.

The practice produces some bizarre moments, such as that which occurred recently at Florida's Miami Military Academy. The academy's team is sort of a throwback, first in that it uses the old-fashioned single wing and second in that the squad averages only about 150

continued

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pounds a man. Despite its diminutive size and antique offense, it scored a signal triumph by breaking Duke Christian's 17-game winning streak, 40-20. As the game ended, several players gleefully attempted to lift Coach Jim Thomas. The problem was, Thomas weighs 250 pounds. They managed only a couple of tottering steps before Thomas was back on his feet. In a gallant second effort they tried again—and Thomas fell on his head. Maybe next time the coach will pick up a couple of his watch-charm guards and carry one on each shoulder.

OUT OF THE MOUTH

Pretty soon now someone is going to put together a book of contact lens stories. Here's one more for it: Greg Palchuk, a middle guard at Indiana University of Pennsylvania, lost one of the elusive lenses at practice. The usual search followed, with everybody down on hands and knees vainly peering at the turf. That night a group of players used flashlights to continue the hunt. No luck. The search was abandoned. Time passed. The football team scrimmaged again. The field was rolled. The soccer team practiced. The hand marched back and forth. Softball and rugby were played. Finally, three weeks later, during another football practice, Cornerback Kevin McGorry found himself on the bottom of a pileup, face down, his mouth tasting dirt. When he got up he spat and brushed the debris from his tongue and lips, and—what else?—into his hand fell Greg Palchuk's missing contact lens.

BLACK AND ORANGE

When he joined the staff of the Boston Patriots in 1966, Rommie Loudd became one of the first blacks ever to coach in professional football. A year later he moved up to director of personnel, another first for his race. Now Loudd is quietly working to obtain an NFL expansion franchise, hopefully in or near Orlando, Fla., hopefully for the 1974 season. Last week the 38-year-old Loudd, who is still a Patriot executive, told a group of Orlando civic leaders: "I can't say I have the inside track on a franchise, but I think I have the ability to get the inside track. I've played football, coached and now hold a front-office position. I've worked hard and kept my nose clean. With 25 years of experience in football, if I don't get a chance

to head a team, well, they'll have denied me my Ph.D."

Orange County officials responded by offering Loudd a lease on a stadium that has not been built for games that have not been scheduled for a team that has not been born. It may not be quite the Ph.D. that Loudd is looking for, but it is an impressive demonstration of confidence from one of the fastest-growing metropolitan areas in the country.

NAMES ON THE HALF SHELL

Talk all you want about SuperSonics and Fighting Saints and Expos, Astros and Mets, the best team names in sport are usually found on the backs of shirts worn by Little Leaguers or bowlers. Our current favorites, from Washington, D.C., are teams in the Robertson's Crabhouse Ladies' League (not a bad name in itself). A recent dispatch from the RCLL reports: "Raw Oysters defeated Maryland Crab Cakes 2-1 and took over first place. Mabel Schatz led Raw Oysters, and Nancy Skudmore had high series for Crab Cakes. Other high scorers included June Hillock of Oyster Platter, Donna Stevens of Devil'd Crab, Peg Staake of Crab Soup and Ann Onsko of Soft-Shell Crabs."

Meanwhile, in the Parkland Ladies' Metro League, Marge Wells had high series for Sanitation Excavating Aardvark Septic Service. How about a cheer for Sanitation Excavating Aardvark Septic Service? Gimme an S . . .

OFF-TRACK BATTLE

New York City's Off-Track Betting program has received the publicity, but a comparatively little-known operation in upstate New York may prove the making of or breaking of the OTB concept. Other states toying with the idea of having friendly, neighborhood bet shops are watching closely, for the OTB people at Schenectady, N.Y. have run head-on into truculent Ernest Morris, president of Saratoga Raceway, a harness track. Morris is totally opposed to OTB in its present form which he says is damaging business at his raceway. Because betting at OTB shops is done from the lists of entries released each day by the track, Morris began to play tricks with the information, such as making last-minute changes in the races that comprise the daily double and lumping all horses entered that night into one big alphabetical list. Only bettors who came

to the track and bought the official program had a clear idea of who was racing in what and when. Ray Blanchard, executive director of the Schenectady OTB, had to send a representative to the track to buy a program, duck back out (you can't make phone calls from the track) and phone the proper entry lists back to the OTB high command.

"In spite of Morris' shenanigans," Blanchard said, "we have done in nine weeks what New York City took nine months to do: make money. We are way over the break-even figures and are climbing every day. I project we'll gross \$7 million next year and I think that is conservative." OTB "profits" are split 80-20 between Schenectady and the State of New York.

"That's just great," Morris said. "As they go up, we go down. Last year we had a record handle but this season we've fallen off \$200,000 a week and are still dropping. We're doomed unless we stop them. In time, every small track will die, and then OTB will devour the big ones. And then there will be nothing. No tracks. No OTB. No money going to the city or the state."

THEY SAID IT

- John Riggins, New York Jet running back from Kansas, asked what his biggest adjustment was in the switch from college to pro football: "Learning to drive in New York City."
- Shelly Greene, comedian, for whom an outstanding 2-year-old colt is named: "Lucky they didn't use my real name. Can you imagine rooting for a horse called Sheldon Greenfield?"
- Bobby Gunn, Houston Oilers trainer, on artificial turf vs. grass: "When artificial turf came along, the players went crazy over it. Now they say grass might be better. But they're talking about playing in ideal weather on an ideal grass field. They vary greatly. At least with artificial turf you're assured of a consistent surface."
- Casey Stengel, comparing old-fashioned baseball gloves with the larger modern ones: "It used to be that you had to catch the ball two-handed because the glove was so small. Why, when I got married I couldn't afford dress gloves, so I wore my baseball mitt to my wedding and nobody even noticed. That took care of my right hand, and I was smart enough to keep my left hand in my pocket."

END



Jackie Stewart — Winner of the 1972 U.S. Grand Prix

JACKIE STEWART WINS THE U.S. GRAND PRIX TO CAP A GREAT RACING SEASON FOR GOODYEAR

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And during the 1972 season, through all kinds of racing competition, Goodyear racing tires proved they were more than ready to meet that test.

In Formula One, the 1971 World Driving Champion, Jackie Stewart, piloted his Goodyear-equipped Tyrrell-Ford to four Grand Prix victories. Including the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen. Mark Donohue captured the Indianapolis 500 on Goodyear tires. And Roger McCluskey, the California 500.

A. J. Foyt was crowned winner of the USAC Dirt Championship. And the Daytona 500.

John Morton, driving a Datsun BRE on Goodyear tires, took the top spot in the 2.5 Litre Challenge Cup Series.

George Follmer drove his way to the championship in both the 1972 Trans-Am and Can-Am competition.

Graham McRae was the winner of the SCCA Continental Formula 5000 Series.

Butch Hartman took the honors in the USAC stock division. In NASCAR Grand National competition, 27 out of 28 events have been won on Goodyear tires.

And to top things off, in twenty-three national drag meets, Goodyear tires have carried twenty-three Top Fuel, twenty-one Funny Car, sixteen Low ET and fifteen Top Speed winners to victory.

Whether the action's in Can-Am, Trans-Am, Formula One or on the Championship Trail, you can be sure of one thing — "Winners Go Goodyear."



GOODYEAR

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company (Shoe Sole)

MUSTACHES ALL THE WAY

In just a moment the 1972 World Series would surely end. All the Oakland A's had to do last Sunday afternoon at Riverfront Stadium in Cincinnati was get the 186th out, and then they could wrap their trembling fingers around those bottles of Paul Masson California brut they had been toting for three days and 2,500 miles. Rollie Fingers, Oakland's top relief pitcher and, on the whole, most elegant mustache, looked in at pinch hitter Darrel Chaney, who stood at the plate with a count of 0 and 1 and a World Series batting average of .000—0 for 7. So Fingers hit Chaney on the left shinbone to put the tying run at first base in a 3-2 game. Inexplicably, the A's were allowing the Series to start up again after they seemed to have it finally stopped.

The largest crowd ever to attend a baseball game in Cincinnati, 56,040 souls, got up roaring to beg for a unique gift—i.e., for the Reds to become the first team ever to win a World Series after losing the first two games at home. As Fingers hit Chaney, Dick Williams was on his feet, too, and the manager of the A's hurried to the mound for the 55th time since the whole thing began eight days before. When Williams reached Fingers he found Catcher Dave Duncan standing alongside. It is not the world's best-kept secret that Duncan has spent more time in the doghouse this year than Ch. Chino's Adamant James, or that he was catching because Gene Tenace—that gorgeously improbable Obican who was a cinch to be the Series' most valuable player unless the A's now fainted dead away—had encountered horrendous difficulties when he tried to throw out Cincinnati's base stealers. The next hitter somebody or other had to pitch to, like it or not, was Pete Rose, and Williams' intention when he

Down to the wire, that is, as the hireute A's beat Cincinnati's Reds in the tightest World Series in history

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

walked to the mound was to pull Fingers and bring on Vida Blue from the bullpen.

"But he's throwing good," Duncan said. "He's throwing the ball real good and I've got all the confidence in the world in him." Williams junked his own thinking—and Rose hit a long drive to left center. At first it looked like it might fall in, tie the game and extend the baseball season until half-past Halloween. But Joe Rudi chared the ball down to make the A's—decided underdogs at the start of the Series—the first team on either side of the immortal 1969 Oakland Oaks to claim a professional sports championship for the Bay Area.

Never has a Series winner had to fight as hard as the A's. Maybe never has anyone had to. Six of the seven games played were decided by one run, and records show that the closest thing to that happened in 1924 when the Washington Senators won their only title while playing four "one-runners" against the New York Giants. The A's won without their best player, Reggie Jackson. They won with only eight pitchers, and none of those pitched a complete game. They won because for most of the way their

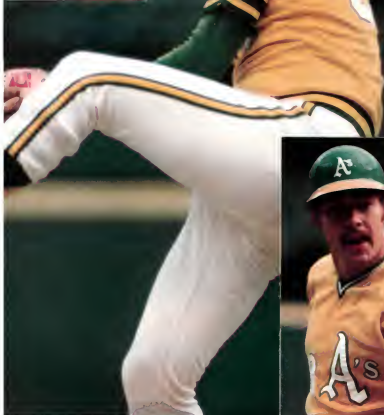
pitching muffed Pete Rose, Joe Morgan and Bobby Tolan—the first three hitters in the Cincinnati batting order—and because the A's decided that if anyone was going to beat them it was definitely not going to be Johnny Bench. During the regular season Rose, Morgan and Tolan got on base 43% of the time. In the Series that shrunk to 29%, and Bench produced only one RBI.

Ah, well, anytime the Reds get into a Series National League rooters know enough to hand their betting money to their wives. Two years ago Cincinnati kept getting ahead of Baltimore only to end up getting behind. Eleven years ago the Yankees brushed the Reds aside four games to one, and in 1939 Cincinnati could not beat the Yanks even once. In fact the last Series the Reds won was in 1919, and taking into account that Black Sox thing and all it has been hinted that Cincinnati cannot win a Series without the help of Arnold Rothstein.

This year Cincinnati's losses in the first two games were by a total of two runs, but they were frustrating defeats for a heavily favored team to endure. However, the Reds had breezed to their division title by compiling the best record in the majors (53-25); for them to lose at home (where they were 42-34) was certainly no oddity. So as they flew into Charles O. Finley land for Game Three early last week they were not quite as spiritless as a 2-0 defeat would indicate. During the flight Bench stood in the aisle and led the players, their wives and Cincinnati officials in a song dedicated to the club: "The whole town's

crackin'!

The jubilant Charles O. Finley's been down on Rollie Fingers, who saved the seventh game for the A's, and hitting hero Gene Tenace, who was benched after hitting in two runs





Perez scrambles for *Game Three's* only run.

batty>About Cincinnati/What a team/What a team/What a team!"

Oakland welcomed its own team home in a fashion the players were totally unaccustomed to. Instead of just the baggage truck awaiting them at the airport, there were 10,000 fans, all gussied up in gold and green. "This is marvelous," said Captain Sal Bando. "I can't believe we're in Oakland." People criticize the city because the A's have drawn fewer than a million spectators in each of their five seasons there, but Finley maintains he made \$1.3 million in 1971 and will do much better when the receipts are counted for this year.

The 1972 Series was scheduled so that the three games in the American League city would begin at twilight, the rationale being that more people could see the midweek games on television. That concept, of course, was first advanced by Finley. Baseball adopted it so it could fire a few rounds in the Nielsen rating wars. But as any fan knows, baseball is played most artistically in daylight; nobody except television executives truly believed that interest in a World Series would fall off badly if it did not serve up Bench and Ten-

ace and all the rest in "prime time."

As any fan also knows, baseball is at its worst when played in twilight. Hitters have difficulty picking up the flight of the ball as it comes off the mound. A low, fading sun and intermittent islands of light and shadow in the background bewilder a batter. "The pitcher is in the light and the batter in the dark," as Cincinnati's Joe Morgan said. Five years ago the All-Star Game was begun in Anaheim, Calif. at twilight. It lasted 15 innings and produced 30 strikeouts.

Just before the scheduled start of Tuesday's third game, a huge cloud floated in above Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum and dumped enough hail and rain to force a postponement. On Wednesday the weather turned fine, but the grounds remained soggy. The starting pitchers were John (Blue Moon) Odom and Jack Billingham. Odom, 27, is a handsome man who has problems sleeping before a start, while Billingham, 29, is capable of sleeping in a scalding shower. "I think," says Odom, "that I pitch better without sleep. My wife Perrie stays up and talks with me some nights before I pitch. One night when I was thinking about throwing a fastball I pushed her out of bed."

Billingham is always being kidded about his ability to snooze. "Often I'll fall asleep on the ride from the hotel to the ball park," he says. "I rode a lot of buses in my seven years in the minors and learned how to fall asleep instead of watching things out of the windows. The guys think I sleep 15 hours a day and some of them call me Rip. Oh, I can sleep, all right, but some of the stories they tell about me are a little wild." Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson thought Billingham was sufficiently awake to be his Opening Day pitcher this season. Jack lost and by May 20 found himself with a 1-6 record, but he is a versatile worker who can start or relieve both long and short.

Once Odom and Billingham began throwing in the Oakland twilight the hitters behaved as if they were swinging at Nyctol tablets. In the regular season the two pitching opponents had averaged roughly one strikeout every two innings; in their first Series match-up they combined for 17 strikeouts over the first six innings. Oakland gathered only three infield singles off Billingham, and the Reds built a couple of mild threats on walks, an error and two stolen bases.

In the seventh inning Tony Perez singled to left and was sacrificed to second. Cesar Geronimo singled to center and the ball died in the muddy outfield as Perez started for the plate. Third Base Coach Alex Grammas waved Tony in and looked away to see if Geronimo could advance to second. As Perez rounded third he skidded on the wet grass and fell, the leading character in a ballplayer's nightmare. There he was on his face, carrying what was just about certain to be the only run of the game. But the A's infield never got the ball to the plate and Perez scrambled in without drawing a throw. "I was going crazy," Perez said later. "I thought I would never get there."

Bench, who threw out just about every Oakland runner moving off first base throughout the Series, had a frightful night. He rolled out his first time up and then looked at two third strikes. In the sixth inning he picked up a bunt that would have been better left to Third





Baseman Denis Menke and threw off line to first to put runners at first and second with no outs. As Bench then ran across the infield to argue with the first-base umpire—without time having been called—Joe Morgan threw wild to second. Morgan and Bench, superior defensive men, had both made errors on the same play, and Cincinnati was in desperate shape. But Billingham got three outs without giving up a run.

Bench came to bat in the eighth with a chance to produce at least one insurance run. Runners were at second and third with one out when Williams raced to the mound to talk to Fingers, in there relieving again. Well briefed, Tenace held his arm out at shoulder level to fake a call for a fourth ball, but then ducked back in behind Bench, and Fingers threw a strike right past the best home run and RBI man in all the major leagues.

Despite the apparent dullness of their game the Reds had finally begun to de-

velop a plan they felt would produce: running on Tenace as well as the A's pitchers. "We are going to take it to them now," said Anderson. "We know that after the first two games Vida Blue said beating us seemed as easy as beating the Texas Rangers. We're going to run on them every chance we get. And we're going to get our chances."

With Game Four the Series became scintillating as well as desperate, providing moments of grand baseball. It was a superior match, won by the A's in the bottom of the ninth inning with three pinch hits. Before the game began, Mike Epstein, Oakland's big (and hitless) first baseman, analyzed the pork. "Balls don't carry here," he said. "It's a very tough place for hitters, particularly at night. The air is heavy and it's cold. The infield grass is deep; you have to be strong to drive a ball through it. I really don't know how we led the league in home runs." Epstein pointed out toward left and added, "The ball will carry if you

continued

Morgan gives a foul fly, then throws to Bench (below) to help pinch runner Odum, ending Game Five and sending the Series back to Cincy.





hit it down the line or out as far as these steps [about 90 feet in toward left center]."

Tenace soon proved Epstein's point. *He leaped a ball to left in the fifth inning that seemed to jump at the last instant to clear the fence. It was Series Homer No. 3 for Tenace and that run stood up until the Cincinnati eighth, when an infield hit, a hunt and a walk brought Bobby Tolan to the plate against Vida Blue. The crowd was tense, its waving pennants stilled by apprehension. Tolan doubled. Suddenly the Reds were ahead 2-1 and just about certain to tie the Series at two games each.*

Just about, Oakland's ninth started with nothing more than another fine defensive play by Denis Menke. One out. But Gonzalo Marquez pinch-hit a single up the middle—he was pinch-hitting singles up the middle all week—and Allan Lewis, "The Panamanian Express," went in to run for him. Tenace followed with a single. Don Mancher then drove a pinch single to center, bringing home Lewis, with Tenace moving to third as Tolan felt on the wet going in the outfield. And so Angel Mangual came to the plate and poked a grounder into right field to drive in the winning run, A's 3, Reds 2.

"We had it won," said a dejected Pete Rose. "It was ours and it got away. Our backs have been to the wall so much my shoulders hurt. We are in real tough territory now."

Early the next afternoon Rose stood by the batting cage and said, "Within a week I've learned everything about baseball that you have to know. One week ago I was the happiest I had ever been when Johnny Bench hit that home run and we beat Pittsburgh to win the National League pennant. I never felt so rotten, so low as I did after losing the game last night. Wait a minute. What the hell, the Yankees were down to Milwaukee three games to none in 1958 and won, didn't they?"

After the Reds completed batting practice, they walked into the clubhouse and started throwing things around. They threw garbage pails, ashtrays, cans, clothes, sand, mud, gloves. But they still had to hit Catfish Hunter, now ready

for Game Five after winning Game Two, and Hunter doesn't throw anything as large as a garbage pail.

Still, Rose hit Hunter's first pitch of the game over the fence in right field. Of such things are leaders made. But in the second the implausible Tenace got Homer No. 4. He lifted it to the carry-out area in left with two on to give the A's all the runs they should have needed with Hunter pitching—not to mention a niche in history for Tenace beside immortals with names like Ruth and Gehrig. No one has ever hit more than four Series home runs. Menke found virtually the same spot in the fourth inning for Cincinnati and, somehow, after failing to produce a single homer in 127 times at bat, Cincinnati now had two in four innings. Hunter was struggling. He made a terrible mistake by walking Joe Morgan in the fifth. Although the Reds were behind 4-2, Morgan lit off for second on the next pitch and Tolan's single brought him all the way home with the third Red run.

Morgan was walked again to start the eighth inning. He stole second and scored on a hit by Tolan to tie the game. It was in the ninth that Rose singled in what was to be the winning run. Up came the A's, trailing 5-4 and not at all eager to go back to Cincinnati. Tenace walked, and Odum, a speedball, went in to run for him. After a hunt failed, Dave Duncan singled to left and the A's had the tying run at third base. Bert Campaneris lifted a foul fly ball behind first and Morgan raced over to catch it, pivoting for an angle to throw home should Odum be foolish enough to tag up and go. Odum was. Bench extended his left leg to block the plate as Odum slid hard. Not hard enough. End of game. Hello again, Cincinnati.

Why was it travel day used to go West but not when the teams were coming East? *Silly question. Television, of course, is the answer to that one. And so baseball was put in a position of delivering tired players to a crucial game in the sport's premier event. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn shed no visible tear. Is there any doubt who pulleth Bowie's strings?*

And forthwith the world's swiftest sleepwalkers began rattling around Riverfront Stadium like a relay team, as Gary Nolan hooked up with Vida Blue in Game Six. The giant scoreboard in

center flashed the words as the fans sang, "The whole town's batty about Cincinnati..."

Bench, the man who had sung it best, got a homer and his only RBI simultaneously in the fourth inning to put the Reds ahead 1-0. Hal McRae, in the lineup because he hits fastballs well—the kind Blue serves—cracked a tremendous double high off the center-field wall in the fifth inning and eventually scored on a sacrifice fly by Dave Concepcion. And then the Reds hit and ran and stole and in general drove the A's crazy, eventually winning 8-1.

As in previous games there was some contentiousness on both sides. The A's did not like the way the Reds were taking liberties with their pitchers and catchers. Sal Bando slapped a hard tag on Tolan at one point, and Bobby heard familiar noises coming from the Oakland bench. When Williams was asked if a great deal of bench-jockeying had been going on, he answered, "Not really. It has been a pretty peaceful Series—up until tomorrow."

Once again the sleeping man, Billingham, woke up to face Odum, the one who does not sleep, in Sunday's decider. Both pitched well but Oakland got a strange run in the first inning when Tolan misplayed a line drive into a three-base error, and Tenace—playing first now—bounced to third only to have the ball leap off the edge of the artificial infield for a run-scoring single. Tenace also drove home Oakland's second run in the sixth inning, tying the score 2-2, and was removed for pinch runner Lewis. "I couldn't believe I was coming out," said Tenace later. Neither could most of the rest of the nation. Bye-bye any chance for Homer No. 5.

But by now home runs were of less importance than getting somebody home with the particular run. Lewis scored it on a double beyond Tolan by Sal Bando, and not even one final Red rally could bring Cincinnati even.

"If you go out in the street tomorrow and ask the fans which is the best baseball team," said a subdued Sparky Anderson, "they will tell you Oakland. The way they played against us and we played against them, I would agree. We didn't hit and they pitched as well as a team could. Although we pitched a little bit better than I thought we might."

Except, of course, to that man Gene Tenace. END

That man Tenace hops in with Thursday's winning run. But it was all over Saturday as the Reds' front three ran amok. That's Morgan sliding, Tolan flying. Rose holding at the fence.

Remember the old days, about eight or 10 minutes ago, when a freshman football player was expected to fumble every other carry because he always had one hand on the Clearasil? Remember when freshmen were those guys around the fraternity house shining shoes and mixing martinis for the suave sophomores who knew how to let the sweater hang just right? Remember when freshmen were lucky if they could get a date to go to the pancake house with a humpbacked, gotch-eyed leper who had never even heard of Merle Haggard? Remember when freshmen weren't even people?

Well, in the first place, those days were all fantasy, anyhow. A fantasy created by a parade of coaches who discovered long ago that they could lean on the alibi of youth when explaining interceptions and baroque pitchouts. Freshmen have forever been old enough to send off to war, so what did it ever say in embossed gold lettering that an 18-year-old wasn't smart, strong, big or fast enough to do anything a 19-year-old or 20-year-old could do? It didn't. And now a whole pile of freshmen are proving it in college football in the most high-powered era the game has known. Every Saturday they've been doing it. As Texas' Darrell Royal says, "I guess it proves that if a dog's going to bite you, he'll bite you when he's a pup."

The pups were admitted last January when the NCAA major colleges sat up on their hind legs and tried to do something about the higher cost of triple options, or so they said. Freshmen are now eligible for the varsity just like they always were in other times of strife, such as during world wars and police actions on foreign soil. Only now the strife is financial, what with the rising expense of maintaining a squad and artificial turf and recruiting and two dozen assistants. Presumably with freshmen eligible, fewer scholarships have to be given for football. That was the logic.

Of course, the coaches of the elite took it personally. They almost unanimously looked upon the legislation as a trick to damage their recruiting, a way to help out the have-nots. A good athlete would now avoid a Nebraska, for example, where there would be a lot of competition, in favor of an Oklahoma State, where he could probably earn a starting position as a rookie.

A LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE CLASS OF '76

Now that freshmen can play football with the big boys, coaches have something new to cheer—or groan—about **by DAN JENKINS**

In fact, Nebraska's Bob Devaney, with his tongue poking not only through his cheek but practically through his cockpit glass, said, "When NCAA people meet in a place like Hollywood, Fla., what else are they going to do but pass a stupid rule like the freshman thing? If they'd met at Scranton, Pa., they'd get the hell out of there so fast they wouldn't have time to make such a ridiculous decision."

The cries that freshmen wouldn't be able to help any good team—not really—were loud and far-flung. Kansas' Don Fambrough said you can't win in the Big Eight with very many sophomores in your lineup, so how are you going to win with freshmen? Oklahoma's Chuck Fairbanks said last spring, "I wouldn't expect a freshman to help out in a program like ours." Devaney said he didn't want to see a freshman unless he was Johnny Rodgers. John McKay asked what a freshman was. Bear Bryant said he didn't even like freshman coaches. And Woody Hayes didn't understand the question.

What has happened, of course, if you have lately been hearing such names as the Buckey Twins (see *cover*), or Archie Griffin, or Kerry Jackson, or Wayne Morris, or Don Taylor, or Quinn Backner—or any number of others—is that at least three dozen major teams, including most of the Alabamias and Oklahomas, have made the remarkable discovery that some freshmen are not only plenty O.K. but can make considerable contributions toward winning games.

Even the most stubborn of coaches predicted something like this might happen by midseason. The unique first-year player will "break in," they said. Here and there, The extremely mature kid, they said, who had benefited from exceptional high school coaching and had a real "want-to" about him.

But the fact is, a lot of them broke in

right away, from the very beginning more than a month ago. Sometimes he was an offensive guard like Alabama's Greg Montgomery and sometimes he was a quarterback like Kent State's Greg Kukul, who passed his team to a victory over Ohio U. before he had even attended a college class. Sometimes he was a defensive tackle like LSU's Steve Cassidy and sometimes he was a line-backer like Iowa's Andee Jackson, who went out and started leading the Big Ten in tackles. Sometimes he was a substitute like Pacific's Bruce Keplinger, who suddenly found himself playing quarterback against Washington and LSU when the starter was hurt. And sometimes he was a Goliath of an offensive tackle like 17-year-old Ron Hunt at Oregon, who has merely been labeled "the find of the century" by his coach, Dick Enright. Oregon, incidentally, used seven freshmen in its 15-13 upset of Stanford last Saturday, and Enright said, "Oh, how I love those freshmen."

The most notable, however, are the ones who have been in the headlines all season long, the ones who first made the losing coaches say, "You mean to tell me he's a freshman?"

How about the Buckey Twins of North Carolina State? Dave throws, Don catches, and the school hasn't been this excited since Roman Gabriel was around, somewhere near the time of Lillian Russell. The Buckey Twins are exactly that, identical. They wear the same clothes, think the same thoughts and come from the same Akron, Ohio. And after they had stepped forward in mid-September and thrashed Syracuse 43-20 with a lot of throwing and catching, Ben Schwartzwalder said, "They have amazing poise for their age."

Continued

Ohio State's Griffin set a team rushing record when Coach Woody Hayes turned him loose





Howling Green's Taylor was an instant hero.

Archie Griffin because they haven't found him yet. Archie got 239 yards on North Carolina and 192 yards on Illinois, and through five games now (although you can hardly count the opener since he was in only momentarily at the end) he is averaging 107 yards per Saturday. Everybody in Columbus regards him as Hopalong Cassidy reincarnate.

If there is a more impressive freshman running back in the land than Griffin, it could be Wayne Morris of SMU, who is big and fast and obviously has less help. Wayne Morris is already being pronounced the greatest thing to come to the school since Doak Walker, although until last Saturday he hadn't even been able to get into the starting lineup because Coach Hayden Fry persisted in alternating him with Alvin Maxson, the Southwest Conference's leading rusher in 1971. Against Rice last week, Morris sneaked in with Maxson at the same time and the results were certainly gratifying for SMU fans. Rice threw everything it had into stopping the "M Boys," so SMU Quarterback

Keith Bobo had a field day and the Mustangs buried Rice 29-14. It proved a freshman can beat you at times with his mere presence. Morris gained only 73 yards, but after five games, four of which he did not play that much of, the world finds Wayne Morris averaging a flashy 7.3 yards a carry with 499 yards gained.

His old high school coach, Norman Jett, is admittedly prejudiced but not insane. And he says, "Wayne is the best football player in the conference *right now*. If he doesn't get hurt, he is a cinch Heisman Trophy winner before he is through. And you cannot believe what a great person he is. He'll invigorate the whole team."

Hayden Fry concurs, with no restraint. "He is a dream come true," says the coach. "He has wisdom beyond his years, poise, personality, and unbelievable athletic ability."

One of the things that coaches felt would go against freshmen the most would be their lack of muscle development on proper weight programs, which the upperclassmen would have

CLASS OF '76 *continued*

Confidence, too. "We knew we'd have a chance to play early if we went to State," says Don, the catcher. "We've got the best offense in the United States. We can move the ball on anybody. By the time we're seniors, State will be in the top 10."

The Buckeyes have already made a lot of believers. When N.C. State whipped East Carolina 38-16 last week, it put State's record at 4-2-1, and both of the losses were squeakers. In the old grudge match against North Carolina, with both freshmen having a good afternoon, they lost 34-33 only because State tried a two-point conversion and failed.

Dave Buckley was a sprinter/passer in high school, but now he's all kinds, and in Don he has a receiver who is not only slippery but, as a twin, probably coordinates with the quarterback through ESP.

"I often converse with someone on the street," says Don, "and Dave will see the same person later and ask him the same questions."

There is something equally mysterious about another Ohio freshman, one who stayed home. At Ohio State, to be exact. It's the way he runs. A couple of teams couldn't really tell you much about

SMU's Morris has been touted as the school's hottest number in cleats since Doak Walker.





Oklahoma's Jackson is a running quarterback.

on, confessed that he felt "lonely."

"I don't know anybody yet," he said. Some freshmen have so much ability their coaches don't quite know where to use them. A classic example is Indiana's Quinn Buckner, who is also a basketball hero. He's an impressive 6'2", 198 and quick. So far, Buckner is a starting safety ("We let him cover the whole middle," says Defensive Backfield Coach Nick Mourouzis), plus a punt- and kick-off-return specialist. Buckner has been spectacular on a so-so team. It is not impossible that in future seasons he could become an All-America in two different sports.

Of all the freshmen who have been stirring up excitement, the one who has a chance to make it the biggest eventually is a quarterback named Kerry Jackson at Oklahoma. He is in the glamour job, after all, on a glamour team and in a glamour offense, the Wishbone. Through last Saturday in his second straight TV appearance, Jackson still had not won the job from the seasoned upperclassman Dave Robertson, but it seemed clear that he might, seeing as how OU was rude-

ly upset because of its inability to move the ball. Although he is part of the Avis Bunch, which is what Oklahoma's speedy second-team backfield calls itself, Jackson is one of the team's leading rushers with 298 yards, or 6.3 per carry. The loss to Colorado proved OU feels the absence of Jack Milden at quarterback, but Jackson shows strong signs of becoming another one.

"I don't know if I'm ready to start," Jackson says, "but I'd rather be where I am than on a freshman team. I like it when Joe Washington [another freshman] and I are in the game together. That's on time, man."

Who is not on time, not exactly, is a fellow named Bruce Peterson, a freshman kicking specialist at Hamline. He hasn't gotten in a game yet, but there he is, suited up and willing. He happens to be 42 years old and he admits that his wife thinks he is crazy for doing what he is doing at his age.

Mrs. Bruce Peterson may be right, but her husband certainly isn't any crazier than all of those coaches who thought freshmen couldn't play. **END**

had. The old man-against-boy theory. Of course, such a thing wouldn't apply to somebody like Notre Dame's Steve Niehaus. Until he suffered a freak injury in practice last week and was lost for the season, Niehaus was looking like a typical South Bend immortal. He was big and strong enough (6'5", 265) to take care of himself nicely, thanks, as a starting defensive tackle.

The day before he turned 18, Niehaus was in on 13 tackles against Northwestern in Notre Dame's opener. And it has to be more than symbolic that with Niehaus suddenly out last Saturday, the previously unbeaten Irish were upset by Missouri 30-26.

Actually, one of the first freshmen to make the world realize that the new rule was here did it with his foot. That was Dan Taylor, a teen-ager at Bowling Green who walked into a workout and five days later placekicked a field goal in the last quarter to score a mighty upset over Purdue. His toe also helped beat Miami of Ohio the following Saturday, but it was after that opener with the Boilermakers that you got an idea of what it must be like for a few of the rookies.

Kind of milling around the dressing room after the initial jubilation of victory, Don Taylor, freshman, hero, walk-

Until he injured his knee last week, Notre Dame's Steve Niehaus was a mountain on defense.





GREEN BAY TURNS WITH THE TIDE

Return with us once again to the days of yore when the Packers followed a quarterback from Alabama to glory. The Pack lost a squeaker to Atlanta, but QB Hunter-Starr has made it a contender again **by TEX MAULE**

If you live in Green Bay, Wis. the chances are you make toilet paper and cheer for the Packers, who have lived in the National Football League longer than anyone but George Halas. Recently Packer backers have suffered lean years, after Vince Lombardi brought the team five NFL championships in seven seasons, the club fell on dolorous times.

Lombardi won his last title in 1967; under his successor, Phil Bengtson, the Packers spent the next three seasons becoming around .500. Bengtson, a pleasant and competent coach, was dispatched at that point, and Green Bay then elected to do something that was considered downright shocking: they hired a college coach, Dan Devine of Missouri, to take over the team. That same month, January 1971, Tommy Prothro of UCLA was given the Rams' job, and subsequently Houston and Denver also hired college coaches, but until then no NFL team had gone to a major college for a head coach in 16 years. It was revolutionary.

Shortly after the Packers took on Devine they also drafted a new Alabama quarterback, hoping perhaps that they might have some of the same kind of luck that Lombardi had with his, who was named Bart Starr. Devine's Alabamian is Scott Hunter, a chunky, cheerfully confident young man who spent a good deal of time in college studying Starr on television. To complete the circle, Hunter's quarterback adviser—and Devine's newest assistant coach—is Bart Starr.

Last year Starr was still trying to come back from an arm injury, and his tentative playing status left the team confused. Hunter, an undisciplined rookie, threw 17 interceptions in 163 attempts, and the team finished last in the Central Division, winning only four games.

Alabama '68 shows Alabama '71 some tricks that helped to make Green Bay '72 first at 4-2.

Yet last Sunday Green Bay came into its game with Atlanta in undisputed first place, with four wins in five games, the surprise team of the year.

Notwithstanding a tremendous one-two running punch of John Brockington and MacArthur Lane, an extraordinary rookie placekicker named Chester Marcol and a suddenly solid defensive secondary, the Alabama alliance has been the prime ingredient in the Packer resurgence. Dave Hampton, the Atlanta running back who played with Green Bay last year, said before the two teams met last week, "One big reason for the improvement is having Starr on the coaching staff. The offense is more disciplined. No one knows the Green Bay system as well as Bart. With him on the sidelines, it's a source of confidence. Scott has all the tools to be a great quarterback, but now he has an extra tool in Bart."

Unfortunately, Sunday's game in Milwaukee, played on a rainy, muddy afternoon, was not a true all-round test for either team. Atlanta won 10-9 because Green Bay could not make a single touchdown in the slop, scoring all its points on Marcol field goals. Hunter, under a heavy rush, completed six of 15 passes for 108 yards, which was respectable enough under the circumstances, but his Falcon counterpart, Bob Berry, went 14 for 25 and 143 yards—and was especially effective on third-down plays.

The real hero, though, was Hampton, who padded for 93 yards in 30 carries. Just before the season opened, Hampton was traded by Devine to the Falcons ostensibly because he fumbled too much. This dismal afternoon he fumbled not once in the 30 times he ran the ball—and he was coming back from a dislocated elbow that had kept him out of Atlanta's last game.

Overall, the Packers outtrudged the

Falcons by five yards and could offer no real excuses for losing. Marcol's attempt at a fourth field goal with two minutes remaining was wide to the right from the 39, and just before the first half ended he missed a chance at another, shorter, kick when the Packers could not call time-out fast enough after a long Hunter to Carroll Dale pass completion.

Atlanta's victory, which dropped the Packers into a first-place tie with Detroit, kept the Falcons just half a game behind Los Angeles—a team they clobbered 31-3—in the NFL West. It seems as if both young teams will succeed, though. "Green Bay is a team very much like the Falcons," Atlanta's George Kunz explained before the game. "Just one difference: they have to overcome an old reputation and we have to build a new one."

The teams are similar in many ways, especially in the sweeping changes in player personnel made in the last couple of years. Devine has seven new starters on offense and defense—including Malcolm Sander, an excellent offensive guard who came in the trade for Hampton—and the Falcons have fewer new faces this season only because they added 12 rookies last year. Since most of the newcomers were from small schools, it became known as the Brat X draft and, in response, the Atlanta rookies began wearing a small x on their helmets.

Both teams also feature solid running attacks. Perhaps more attention has been accorded Brockington and Lane at Green Bay, but Hampton, the first certified outside threat Atlanta has ever had, and his cohort, Art Malone, who scored the Falcon touchdown on Sunday, are the only pair of runners from a single team in the league who have each rushed for more than 400 yards. Not only that, but Joe Profit, the team's preseason rushing leader, remains on the bench or

continued

more accurately, in Coach Norm Van Brocklin's doghouse.

Devine got Lane from St. Louis in trade for Donny Anderson, and the new man has not only given the Packers a better running attack, he has also helped young Hunter's passing game. Both Lane and Brockington are good receivers and blockers, and Claude Humphrey, the Falcon All-League defensive end, says, "The Packer running attack might be even better now than it was few years ago when they had Hornung and Taylor Lane and Brockington block for each other so well, and they're both halfback-type fullbacks. Brockington would rather run over you than around you. He doesn't care about juking you—he makes you tackle him."

"The Packers come off the wall at you," Van Brocklin said. "We've got to pack all the pads we can for this trip."

Both the Packers and Falcons could have come into their meeting unbeaten, but for three weird plays. Atlanta lost one game on a dubious interference call and another when Bill Bell unaccountably missed a 10-yard field goal. The only Green Bay loss was the result of a fumble recovery runback that, films showed, should not have been allowed. Having faced each other now for the unofficial kiddie championship of the NFL, however, each must next contest the intradivisional rival that was supposed to be the team to beat. On Sunday Minnesota goes to Green Bay and San Francisco to Atlanta. If the young home teams win those games, the balance of power will have surely shifted in the Central and West.

However, whatever happens this week, both teams have bright days ahead—and with quarterbacks nobody else thought much of. Berry was cut by Minnesota and generally dismissed as being too short of height and not long enough in his throwing potential. With Van Brocklin as his tutor, though, he has become a much respected passer and leader. "It's tough to play for Van Brocklin," Berry says, "because, with the ability he has, he expects so much from you. But I do believe that the only one who can coach a quarterback in this league is someone who has been a quarterback in this league." Hunter, like Berry, then, is obviously getting the very best education.

"Hunter was the first man I drafted on my own," Devine said the other day. He is small, dark and handsome with a wary look in his eye and an extraordinary ability to extract the best from his assistant coaches. "We were drafting right after I had taken the job, and I moved his name over from the list of players to be drafted down the line and put it up when we came to the sixth draft choice. I did it against the advice of the scouting staff."

Devine did it for good reason. His Missouri Tigers had played Alabama in the Gator Bowl in 1969 and whooped them 35-10, but Devine had been impressed by Hunter. "He had all the qualities you look for in a quarterback," Devine explains. "He was losing, but he was cool. He set up quickly and well, and he threw well. So when he was still available on the sixth round, I took him." (Starr was a 17th-round choice himself.)

Hunter, of Vigor High School, Prichard, Ala., was one of the three high school All-America quarterbacks produced by Glen Yancey. "You can throw the ball or you can't," Hunter says. "Nobody can teach you to throw. That's something you got or you ain't got. But Yancey taught me to throw high, over my head. Then I went to Alabama, and the quarterback coach there was Steve Sloan. So I was lucky again. After he got out of Alabama, Steve played at Atlanta for two, maybe three years when Norb Hecker was the head coach, and Norb, he had been coaching under Lombardi at Green Bay. So while I was playing for Coach Bryant at Alabama I was learning the Green Bay offense and how they set up and everything from Coach Sloan. By the time I got to Green Bay I already had had a complete course in the Green Bay offense."

Because Starr was hurt last year, Hunter was rushed into action. "I didn't know what I was doing," he frankly admits, "but I learned. Working with Bart was like reading an encyclopedia. Every day I turned over a new leaf and learned something different. That's still true. I guess I'll be turning over leaves for the rest of my life and never get to the end of the book. I learned a whole lot from my high school coach and from Coach Bryant and Steve Sloan, but Bart, he refined everything."

Even in his rookie year, no one ever

accused Hunter of being bashful. "He's still a boy with a lot of self-confidence," says Devine, smiling. "When he came to the club he started to give the placekickers some advice. I don't curse much, but this time I said, 'Goddamn it, Hunter, I'll coach the team. You play quarterback.'"

Hunter did play, if not exceptionally well. He had all the flaws of a rookie. "I couldn't read defenses very well," he says now. "You know, you can look at all the movies there are of someone like Lem Barney, and he doesn't look the same as he does on the field. You have to see the defenses in action before you can recognize them and know what's going to happen."

When Barney, the Lions' gambling cornerback, intercepted a Hunter pass in the Monday night game two weeks ago it was the first interception off Hunter all year—and even that one was hardly his fault. His receiver, a rookie, Leland Glass, took a few stutter steps before angling to the sideline, and Barney correctly read the stutter and cut in front for the interception.

Probably the most cogent thing Hunter is learning—from both Devine and Starr—is discipline. While he had spent hours on Sunday afternoons watching Starr set up and throw on television, he seemed more like Joe Namath when he first came up to the Packers, and even now Hunter's mind has a tendency to wander. During practice a few days before the Lions' game, Hunter apparently was not listening when Starr told him to call a certain play the Packers intended to use the first time they got the ball. Casually, Hunter trotted out to the huddle and called something altogether different. Starr, a quiet man, flared up. "You've got to listen, Scott," he said angrily.

"I'm sorry, I will," Hunter replied. "Scott's a bright man and he has a good mind," Starr says, "and I think he's finally learning some discipline."

"I think Bear went out of his pattern with Scott," Devine says, explaining Hunter's un-Alabama-like behavior. Devine is not a disciplinarian in the sense of a Bryant—or a Lombardi. His practices are rather low key; where Lombardi ranted at his players, Devine rarely raises his voice. "That placekicking incident was an exception," Devine concludes, "Scott is a fine quarterback and I love him."

continued

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"There were a lot of things I didn't understand last year," Hunter says. He is good looking, with a face right out of a commercial and with a strong, thick body, powerful arms and swelling legs. He looks as if he should be a Jim Taylor-type fullback. "I didn't really understand the defenses. I didn't know what was going on. I guess, late in the year, I began to pick it up, but I didn't know who I'd drop back to throw and go to a receiver, and later, looking at the movies, I'd see that it was a zone and I threw the right way, and then I'd figure out that I had read the zone, but I didn't know I was reading it when I threw the pass."

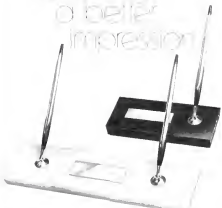
"I never really had to work with Scott on fundamentals," Starr says. "He had all that already when he came to us. I've seen rookie quarterbacks who practically had to start from scratch. Some of them didn't even know how to set up or how to release the ball. But Scott was polished technically."

Starr, with the advice and consent of Devine, still sends in almost all of the plays. Devine's is a basic offense, too, not unlike Lombardi's. Essentially it depends upon the simple ability of one man to beat one man. Says Hunter, "You go nose-to-nose. It's just 11 men against 11 men. Dallas tried to beat everybody by fooling them for years, but they didn't win until they just butted heads. Ain't never more than one man on one man. Even in a zone defense, still, inside the zone, it's just a matter of one-on-one."

Hunter and the rest of the Packers agree that Devine, in his way, prepares the team as meticulously as Lombardi ever did, but any Packers coach must suffer in comparison with the man who was considered peerless in his profession. At places like The Stakeout, a nightclub owned by Sheriff Norb Fiechlich of Brown County, the customers groused last year about Devine's ability as the Packers fell to the cellar. Sheriff Fiechlich, who also plays the piano and sings, buys a songbook for his customers, but up until the Packers started winning again, the favorite selection was *Those Were the Days*. Just in the last few weeks, however, an older-but-goodie has been revived and has gone back to the top of The Stakeout Hit Parade: the Green Bay Packers fight song.

END

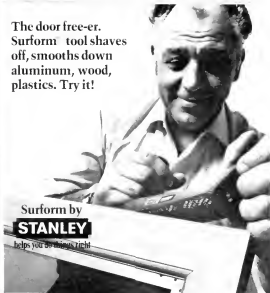
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In 10 Micxas, translated by J. Tzaberni

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB DE CARARA



PAMPAS BULL WHO'S SWEET AS SUGAR

Grim Carlos Monzon, Argentina's world champion, has a mighty right and a record Ray Robinson would envy **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

It had been raining off and on for a month in parts of the Argentine pampas. Rivers were out of their banks surrounding the city of Santa Fe. 240 miles northwest of Buenos Aires. A cold wind blew across brown ponds that now stood in the grasslands. In the basement gym at the *Club Atlético Unión* in Santa Fe, the floor was laid over with a scum of gray mud. At five o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, Carlos Monzon came down the concrete steps into the small, damp room where a couple of dozen boxers were shuffling in the sludge, pounding leather bags with their fists, snorting and dodging and throwing straight right hands in imitation of the style that had turned Monzon from a shoe-shine boy into the middleweight champion of the world.

That afternoon Monzon had been at a school where he posed for photographs with a list of screaming children. He had left the school and driven his lilac-colored Fiat to the club. Inside the high brick walls of the club grounds are rugby and soccer fields, and a swimming pool filled with oily water and so much rubbish that Monzon could almost have walked over it to the gym. Monzon had been up all night drinking Scotch and playing the guitar and singing with friends, and he looked like a man who had just swallowed a cockroach. His title fight with Benny Briscoe of Philadelphia, now scheduled for Nov. 11 in Buenos Aires, had been postponed for the third time in a week. His mood was sullen and edgy.

"Don't mind it if Monzon doesn't seem to like you," a friend of his said while the champion was changing clothes in a corner. "He's that way with nearly everybody. The way he grew up as a poor kid on the streets, he never needed to know much about manners, and he doesn't trust many people."

The young boxers in the gym wore an assortment of costumes—Bermuda

shorts, bathing trunks, polo shirts. Some were barefoot. Monzon put on a clasy blue training outfit and climbed between tattered ropes into the gym's only ring. He began skipping rope, his feet hammering on the wooden floor. If you got knocked down in that ring, they could pick a box of toothpicks out of your back.

"People say Monzon doesn't have any right to make so much money these days just for hitting people a few times and knocking them cold," his friend said. "But they don't know how many hours he has spent down here in this basement, getting hit. He's worked hard to be the champion. Now he can do what he pleases."

The champion kept missing beats with his rope. Finally he scowled and tossed the rope to his manager, Amílcar Brusa, a big man with a flattened nose. Brusa looks very much like Roscoe Sweeney of the comic strip. Thirteen years ago when Monzon wandered into the *Club Atlético Unión*, it was Brusa who kept him from going back to the streets. Brusa got a doctor to feed him meat and vitamins. Brusa taught him to box, straightening out the powerful right-hand punch that has knocked out 54 of Monzon's 90 opponents. Monzon has won 70 fights without a loss in the last eight years. Since he knocked out Nino Benvenuti for the title in Rome in November of 1970, he has defended his championship five times and has won all five by knockouts.

"It's that right hand," his friend said. "The strong right hand is the Brusa trademark. See? All the kids down here are trying to do it. They all want to be like Monzon."

Santa Fe, with a population of 250,000, sits in a bowl between three rivers, including the huge Paraná, and it manages to be both dusty and humid at the same time. Across the river is the more

elegant town of Paraná, which has white villas on hillsides and a gambling casino, but Santa Fe is old and flat and dirty. Monzon was born 30 years ago into a family of 12 in the village of San Javier, 85 miles away in the rice country, and he came to Santa Fe as a kid. From the age of six he sold papers, shined shoes, delivered milk and fought in the streets. If he went to school for more than three or four years, his friends don't seem to remember it. Monzon prefers not to talk about the old days, except to point out that he can write his name on a contract.

With his 25¹/₂ of the roughly \$800,000 Monzon has earned in the ring in the past two years, Brusa is putting up a building in Santa Fe that will have shops and offices on the lower floors and a health club and solarium on the top. No more of that mud in the basement of the *Club Atlético Unión*, where Brusa worked with hundreds of young boxers before Monzon came along. Now when he is in Santa Fe, Brusa goes every day to inspect his building. He wears a suit and tie, carries a briefcase, slicks back his hair, and he can't seem to keep from smiling as he looks at all that rising concrete and hears those hammers pounding.

It didn't bother Brusa that Monzon had been up all night. "We don't need to start training hard for a while yet," the manager said, sipping coffee in a café around the corner from his building. "I believe when he's not in hard training, let him do what he wants. A human being is not made to be in training all the time. I can't take him away from beer, Scotch and friends. In the United States they train harder. They hurt themselves more with sparring partners. I don't believe in that system where you can leave your fight in the gym. The day Monzon fought Briscoe in Buenos Aires five years ago [it was a draw, under the new Argentine scoring system Monzon would have won, but barely]. Briscoe was running on the day of the fight. A human is destroyed by too much work."

What Brusa first saw in Monzon was a skinny kid with a great hunger. "He was blind, had no style, but his mind was at work all the time," Brusa said. "He knew exactly his next move, and he could hit with both hands, but he was too weak from malnutrition to

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20 mg. "tar" 14 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report AUGUST 72.

PAMPAS ROLL *Continued*

knock people out the way he does today. I took him to a doctor. Now he has two doctors and a biochemist who check him all the time. You couldn't say he's not healthy now, huh?"

For the first few years Brusa was awakened by phone calls to get Monzon out of jail. There would have been a fight in a saloon, and some furniture smashed. "You know how it is," a friend of Monzon's said. "You go to a bar. Someone insults you. You have to defend your honor." Brusa wouldn't talk about it. "My pupils are my friends, even after they quit," he said.

Brusa worked out the Monzon style, which is that of a punching machine. "A manager must find a style for a boxer according to what the boxer can do best," he said. "Each man is an individual. You have to hide his bad points and bring out his good ones. Monzon should be a little faster, but his good point is he hits hard and doesn't get hit hard. Watch the look on the face of his rival and you can tell how hard he hits. Another good point of Monzon's is that he listens to his corner. He hasn't been hurt, has never taken a bad beating. He can fight easily for five more years. Some people say I'm pushing him too hard, too many fights, but he's getting richer, isn't he?"

Monzon owns a ranch of 1,750 acres and a few cattle and sheep and some fine horses in San Javier. He calls the ranch *La Esperanza* (The Hope). He has bought houses in Santa Fe for his parents and the parents of his wife, Mercedes Garcia (when they were married as teen-agers, his father-in-law had given him a bed and it was their only furniture). Monzon owns eight apartments in Buenos Aires and four in Santa Fe. Besides the Fiat 128, he owns a yellow and black Lutterall, a custom-made Argentine car, with a klaxon horn. He is building a large house in Santa Fe with two garages and several more apartments, but now he lives in a four-room house with his wife, daughter Silvia, nine, son Abel, five, a newly adopted one-month-old baby boy, and a kitchen full of relatives.

Arriving home one day recently, Monzon parked the Fiat behind the Lutterall across the street from his house while the neighbors watched. He crossed the street with the graceful, slightly swaggering walk of a man who likes his body. In 1960 the famous Argentine heavy-

weight, Luis Angel Firpo, said, "Some day in my country a boy of dark skin and jet-black hair will appear with an inexpressive face and a complete lack of emotion in the ring. His fists will remind the world where the Argentine Republic is located." Firpo died before he could see Monzon, but it is not all that bad a description. Monzon has high cheekbones and light copper skin, and he wears his black hair long in a sort of Italian movie-star cut that many of the young men of Santa Fe are copying. He has a brooding, sensual, vaguely dangerous look that will arouse rape fantasies all over the world when he begins appearing in movies next year. He says the only emotion he shows in the ring is hate. As he sat in his living room, his expression seldom changed, except when he threw a quick smile at Abel. "Monzon loves movies, hunting, fishing and Abel more than anything else," a friend had said.

Abel is a bright little boy who should never have to shine a shoe in his life. He invents broadcasts of Monzon fights on his tape recorder. When he is mad at his father, he makes up new endings in which Monzon is knocked out. Sometimes he goes to the gym with Monzon and cuts up with the fighters. Abel is the kind of kid who talks to waiters and will always have more girl friends than he needs.

Santa Fe is famous for its beer. From his couch, Monzon dispatched his wife and daughter to bring in a few bottles from the kitchen where the relatives were talking, and Abel climbed into his lap. On the walls and shelves were trophies Monzon has won in the ring. The one he got for knocking out Benvenuti has ribbons on it.

"Benvenuti had the glamour," Monzon said. "His picture was everywhere. But I knew from the minute we signed the contract I would beat him. I have no fear in the ring. For me, getting into the ring is like coming home and drinking my *vinho mate* [a South American tea of greenish tint that is drunk through a silver pipe from a decorated gourd]."

Mercedes Garcia and Silvia brought in the beer and sat down primly and silently while Monzon poured. Monzon's wife once caused a lot of talk by being seen on television in hot pants after one of her husband's fights. Monzon waited for the visitors to agree that the Santa Fe beer was excellent, and someone

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asked if he would be nervous about working in front of movie cameras for an Italian director next spring. "Those lights won't hurt my eyes anymore," he said.

Monzon said he remembers Briscoe very well. "Briscoe is tough," he said. "He makes you work. Fighters in the United States like to get in close. I'd rather stay off and punch because I have long arms. The toughest man I ever fought was Emile Griffith [he knocked out Griffith in his second title defense]. He knows all the tricks and can make you do things you don't want to do."

Abel was riding his father's knee. Monzon almost canceled his last fight, against Tom Bogs in Copenhagen in August, and came home because Mercedes Garcia had phoned and said Abel had a sore throat and fever. Brusa got a doctor to persuade Monzon that Abel was not dying. Monzon waited long enough to knock out Bogs before hurrying back to Santa Fe. The punch that did it was not a trademark Brusa right because, according to Monzon, there is no such thing. "It is the way I hit naturally," Monzon said.

He looked across the coffee table at his visitors. "They tell me Cassius Clay hates white people. Is that true?" The visitors said they didn't think so. "Well, that's what they tell me," said Monzon.

Are seven championship fights in two years too many? "No," Monzon said. "I think I'll have two or three more, and then maybe that will be enough and I'll give my title away. But while you're the champion, you've got to make the juice." He smiled and lifted his beer glass.

He was wearing two gold rings, a gold bracelet and a gold watch.

If you can imagine New York City with no traffic laws and everybody half an hour late to get to the reading of his rich uncle's will, you can begin to picture Buenos Aires traffic. Argentina, which won Olympic medals in the event, should have produced all the world's triple-jump champions of the past century. An Argentine pedestrian can leap eight feet sideways in an instant without even looking around. It appears to be considered unmanly for a driver to slow down. Some say it is the influence of Juan Fangio, the former world champion race driver from Argentina. But put one of Fangio's big machines in the control of a Buenos Aires cabdriver and you would wear half the Grand Prix drivers right off the track.

Argentina has at least a dozen different identifiable groups of rebels. Some of them practice bombing, shooting, bank robbery and kidnapping, and they may be 14 or more candidates for president in March if the country holds its first election since 1963, three years before the army took over the country again. In the last 30 years Argentina has had 12 presidents, and eight of them were generals. Argentina's most famous citizen has long been rumored to be Hitler, but a cabdriver recently said this story is untrue—Hitler went to Paraguay. The Buenos Aires police can make a person disappear into a dungeon without food, water or access to a telephone anytime they wish and for about as long as

they care. There is a joke that a man was passing in front of a police station and got splattered with mud from a pothole. "What a lousy country," he said, and was arrested by a cop in the doorway. In the commissioner's office the man identified himself as a general and was released with apologies. He asked to speak to the cop who had grabbed him. They took the general to the cell where the cop had been looked up for his error. The general looked into the peephole and said, "See?"

"The country doesn't work, but the people do," said an Argentine businessman at lunch one Sunday at a yacht club on the River Plate. There are dozens of parks and sporting clubs in Buenos Aires and many soccer stadiums and polo fields. The people in the streets look prosperous, but prices have doubled in a year and the peso is so weak foreign banks won't touch it (Monzon has a bank account in New York). The country is allowed to eat beef only every other week. Yet there is hardly a good fish restaurant in Buenos Aires. "An Argentine isn't interested in fish; he wants to eat meat," said the businessman.

Buenos Aires is bigger than Paris or Berlin, both of which it somewhat resembles. *Plastic* magazine is banned. What a dress-shop owner recently celebrated the arrival of spring which comes to Argentina in September—by decorating an otherwise made mannequin with nothing but flowers, government officials passed paper strips labeled *reservado* over the dummy. If an Argentine from the provinces achieves some sort of fame, it is usually followed by a move to Buenos Aires. Not Monzon. "They rush around too much there. I prefer the country life," he said.

Luna Park is the Madison Square Garden of Argentina. The building covers a city block of Buenos Aires near the waterfront. Inside, an iron fence with prongs like pitchforks keeps the people in the cheap seats away from swells in the gold seats on light night. The only Monzon bout that has ever filled Luna Park was the title fight with Griffith. Monzon beat the popular Argentine middleweight champion Jorge Fernandez twice in Luna Park and got whistled at by the crowd. The Briscoe fight will be the fourth time Monzon has appeared in Luna Park as the world champion. Briscoe wanted the fight in the United

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PAMPAS BULL

States, where Monzon has never fought. Briscoe was quoted in an Argentine magazine as saying the gate would be twice as big in New York and that Monzon insisted on Luna Park because the judges would be inclined to be more friendly. In fact, Monzon says he wanted the fight in Rome. Briscoe chose Luna Park because of a tax arrangement with the arena owner. He says he will not allow Monzon to fight in the United States because taxes are too high there. "And if I knocked out Briscoe in the U.S., they would probably claim it was a low punch," Monzon said.

On this day Monzon was laughing and in an amiable humor even though he had just moved into one of his Buenos Aires apartments and gone into hard training in the Luna Park gym. He does not care for training because he says it makes him feel like a hired killer. "When I feel my best is in the ring on the night of a fight," he said, "I feel mean but good. But all this training, it's the worst part, you start to have doubts."

Monzon had risen at 6:30 to run on the waterfront. For a month before a fight Monzon runs 45 minutes every morning, then has a breakfast of grapefruit juice, two soft-boiled eggs, coffee, jam, bread and butter. At noon he eats fruit. In the afternoon he spends an hour and a half at the gym and works up to boxing nine rounds a day before he be-

gins easing off. At dinner Monzon has steak, salad, vegetables, fruit and a dessert called *doler y queso*—cheese with a slab of jellied sweet potato or quince. Then he watches television or goes to a movie. He seldom goes anywhere else in Buenos Aires.

Abel had come to the gym with him and was dancing around in the ring while his father got his hands taped. "Look at that kid," said Monzon. "He can be a lighter if he wants to, but I'd just as soon he grew up and learned how to handle the investments." Not long before, at *La Esperanza*, a steer was to be barbecued. As the landowner, Monzon was handed the knife. He looked at the steer for a while and then handed the knife back to a gaucho, who plunged it into the steer's throat. Monzon turned his back and hid Abel's face from the spouting blood.

A friend walked up to Monzon in the gym and said, "Hey, Negro [a fairly common Argentine nickname, along with *Gordo* (fat) and *Flaco* (skinny)], I can't make it to the end of the month. Lend me 10,000 pesos." Monzon reached for his pants, and the friend said, "No, no, it's a joke." For some reason everybody thought it was funny. Except Monzon. Friends say he has no sense of humor, but it very well could be the other way around.

On a Saturday night after Monzon

Continued



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had moved to Buenos Aires to train for Briscoe. Brusa brought down another protégé from Santa Fe—an unbeaten junior welterweight named Daniel Gonzalez—for a fight in Luna Park with an ex-Argentine champion. Brusa says Gonzalez will be the next star of his stable of 35 amateurs and 10 pros. "Pro fighters are knocking on my door all the time," he said, "wanting me to take them over. But I deal only with those who started with me as kids."

Monzon was at ringside with one of his doctors, one of his lawyers, a dozen friends and Abel. Before the fight Monzon was not introduced to the crowd, dozens of whom peered like prisoners through the cheap seat bars. But a lot of people recognized him and kept watching for his reactions. Monzon clapped for Gonzalez but could not yell much because he had a sore throat, which his doctor says always happens to him for a while when he quits smoking.

Gonzalez won an easy decision in a fight that drew choruses of whistles, and his left eyebrow was cut open. Monzon consoled him while Gonzalez was being sewn up and Brusa was collecting his share of the gate—\$140. Then Monzon led a group that had grown to nearly two dozen across the street from Luna Park to an Italian restaurant called Napoli. Watching the champion walk through the door, the doctor said, "You know, people keep talking about his right, but it's his left that really gets them. He sets them up with it—knock, knock, knock, one after the other. Then he puts them cold with his right."

The waiters pulled together enough tables to spread the crowd the width of the room, laid out several kinds of wine (good Argentine wine is less than \$1 a bottle) and began serving salads, chickens, hams, bread and pasta. They also found a few pieces of beef from somewhere although it was a beefless week. It was already after 1 a.m., but Abel sat beside his father. "Abel goes even where I go," Monzon said laughing. "The only place he won't go with me is to do my running in the morning."

"I don't like it," Abel said.

Monzon laughed again. Brusa and the doctor watched as he drank a glass of wine and poured another. Sitting alone at a separate table was a young Santa Fe amateur, Norberto Cabrera, who became a piece of Argentine history by knocking out his own teammate in a

dormitory fight at the Munich Olympics. The teammate was hurt badly enough that doctors barred him from fighting further in the Olympics. Cabrera sat as if in exile, but Monzon saw him, called him over to the table and had a waiter bring him a chair. "See," a friend of Monzon's whispered, "Monzon is not a monster. He's only a little distrustful of people at first."

His eye bandaged, Gonzalez went to Monzon and asked what he should eat. "You eat the white meat. Nothing else," Monzon said, adding a little soda to Gonzalez's wine. Gonzalez returned to his seat and kept looking at a platter of fried potatoes in front of him. Finally he put some on his plate and poured a glass of wine.

Monzon was saying he did not blame Luna Park fans for not supporting him in the past. "It was because my opponents were inferior," he said. That could be said fairly well about the opponents Monzon will be offered should he beat Briscoe. If there is a young middleweight of championship class coming up anywhere soon, he is in hiding. By beating Briscoe, Monzon should be able to hold on to the title for a few years without much trouble. But Briscoe is what is known as a Philadelphia fighter—tough, hostile, aggressive. A lot of boxers have stayed out of his way.

Monzon had not tried to find out if Briscoe had changed any since 1967. "I don't care what my opponent has been doing," Monzon said. "I don't look at films of them in the ring, and I don't read stories about them. When the time comes, Brusa will tell me how to fight them. That's what he gets his 25% for. Until then, I don't think about them."

It was after 3 a.m. by now. More people had joined the table. The champion sat back down and looked at the people around him with a grin. A question was asked: Did Monzon consider himself to be one of the great middleweight champions of history?

Monzon's gold bracelet dangled as he sipped from the wineglass. "Sugar Ray Robinson never did what I've done—winning six straight championship fights by knockouts," he said. "I guess that means I'm pretty good, huh?"

END

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I'LL CATCH YOU AND WRING YOUR NECK!

That chase was sparked by a Halloween prank, but running for dear life can be the best of sport anytime
by **RICK TELANDER**

I was a 1½-inch Macao Black Cat firecracker, but Gregg Dewey held it like a hand grenade. Twin headlight beams poked around the corner, wavering as the car turned and proceeded toward where we were hidden in the long wooded field. Goblins, ghosts and pirates rustled in the brush. Gregg Dewey squeezed the firecracker. "Let loose, idiot," a cowboy hayed. "You're squishing it to death." The yellow beams continued down the dark road, unaware of the Halloween Night adventure being prepared in the field ahead.

Sweat was in my eyes. "Now!" Gregg whispered vehemently. "No, wait!" I said. The car was illuminating the road immediately in front of us.

"Now!" he said feverishly.

"Now! Now!" chorused the dozen other costumed track-or-treaters hailing like rats in the grass.

"Hold it . . ." I whispered. The auto was 100 feet away. Eighty, 70, 50—a big car with whitewall tires and an immense chrome grille.

"O.K.!" I gasped and lit the match. Gregg threw beautifully, the orange sparks outlining a half-circle against the black sky. A perfect throw. Too perfect. The firecracker landed like an insect on the car's grille. There was a short flash of light and a sound like someone hitting sheet metal with a ball peen hammer. Very ominous. Then there was the screech of tires and the sound of a door being thrown violently open.

"Sweet Mother of Jesus! I'm going to twist someone's neck off!" yelled an adult voice.

"Aieee!" screeched a weakhearted goblin. And the chase was on.

There is no way I can tell if this was the first serious chase I was involved in because chase episodes have a way of constricting and expanding until they blot out the element of time. That it was momentous I am certain. That it was Halloween I am also sure because I distinctly remember my Dracula mask

catching on a tree limb and nearly decapitating me. But whether the adventure sticks in my mind because it was original or because it was stimulating, I don't know.

We ran with the wind.

A ghost was caught on a barbed wire fence, his sheet billowing. At his feet lay the scattered contents of his trick-or-treat bag. He was thrashing about, grunting like a pig in mud. We flew past him, handling the fence without looking back, each of us driven on by the instinctive first rule of the chase: save your own hide.

As we bolted through the stickers and blackberry bushes and past the suddenly looming maple and oak trees, our ranks began to dwindle. A motorcycle gang member flying the colors of the "Bz-Bop Nation" went down with a sprained ankle. Wolfman dived under a bush and began sobbing to the full moon. Another ghost simply quit running, offering his spirit to the mercy of our invisible pursuer. A 10-year-old transvestite skidded to a halt behind a tree, smoothing his dress and straightening his dime-store wig, prepared to plead feminine noninvolvement if it came to that. The rest of us continued our wild dash across the lumpy, pitch-black terrain, yipping like beagles.

For some reason the man chasing us did not fall for the hobgoblin bait left strewn behind in the field. We heard an occasional screech as he dealt out perfunctory thrashings, but almost immediately there was the sound of crashing footsteps on our trail again.

We split up. Everybody ditched added luggage—tuffy apples, candy bars, masks—and then rocketed off, Gregg Dewey, myself and the cowboy to the right, everyone else to the left. Our group headed down the length of the brush-covered field at an angle away from the road while the others plunged into the dark recesses of the surrounding forest. From the sound of our cursing pursuer



we knew he had elected to follow us, the guilty transvestite—firecracker owner, lighter and thrower.

We were a swift trio, the best runners in the bunch, but together we were losing ground to the faceless man. As we darted, dodged, piled up and stumbled, he plowed straight ahead, ignoring our detours and mistakes.

We split up again, fanning out like a tree branch. Once more I broke to the right, running parallel to the road, panting, my Dracula outfit in shambles. With a new burst of terror and adrenaline I realized the man was after me and me alone; he had also veered to the right, perhaps because my route was nearer the road, perhaps because he somehow recognized me as the perpetrator, the one responsible for the perfect timing of that tiny bomb.

I picked up speed, my sneakered feet barely touching the rutted ground. Suddenly I came to a dirt lane that intersected the road at right angles. Ahead was a hedge of trimmed bushes that obscured the area in back of it. Behind I heard the man approaching rapidly. I had no choice. I gathered all my strength and shot across the lane. Coiling my legs and stretching my arms like a high-board diver, I flew up and over the four-foot barrier in a soaring wave of ecstasy, landing gently as a flying squirrel in a briar patch.

From my bed of thorns I could hear my pursuer emerge into the clearing. Bleeding tiny drops from 1,000 needle



pricks, I turned painfully to look through a narrow gap in the hedge. The man was confused, defeated. He was in a cul-de-sac. He roared into the night as if to frighten his vanished prey into submission: "I'll catch you! I'll catch you, you little bugger, and I'll wring your neck!"

On my sofa of nails I began to feel merry, almost joyous. "No you won't, you'll never catch me in a million years," I laughed to myself. The man looked right and left, and then stared at the hedge. I lay still as a plant, a silent *frère Rabbin*.

The man turned in directionless rage and nudged off toward his car. When he was gone I lay still for another moment listening to the silence of the night, and then let fly with a tremendous, echoing guffaw.

Months after that, when the boys of the neighborhood would gather, we sometimes would discuss the mechanics and philosophy of the chase. We spoke of the chase in general rather than specific terms. We said "the" chase, not "this" or "that" chase. Such overview was rare for a group like ours—an uncommon venture in abstraction for a gang comprised of nothing more than free-spirited, prepubescent kids or, more simply, punks.

"You know," said Jaime, "the chase is about the funnest thing there is." We lay in a haphazard circle under a huge weeping willow, perhaps six of us, and we gazed absently at the leafy sky. A normal summer day.

"It's like being on TV," he continued, "and the cops are after you and you're making a run for it. You dodge, and zing! bullets whistle over your head. It's so exciting you can hardly stand it. You just run like crazy, crashing over trees and fences and things, and you don't stop and shoot back because that would be stupid. You just run and run and run. . ."

Fat Pat broke in, "Yeah, it's O.K. to be chased as long as you don't get caught. But how about if one of those bullets hits you, and you're bleeding all over and staggering and still trying to run and. . ."

"If you weren't such a tub of lard, you wouldn't be worrying all the time about getting caught," said Louie. "Just because you got the tar whaled out of you last Halloween don't mean nothing. You got to think." And with that Lou-

ie pointed emphatically at his head. Louie himself was slow as a turtle but crafty as a fox, and he never seemed to get caught.

"Sure," added Greggie, "half the fun is knowing that you can't get caught." The chase, as we all knew, grew more authentic and exciting as the danger of being captured increased. You couldn't be hounded by your little sister, but you could flee like the devil from high school bullies.

Irvig, who stammered frequently, brought the conversation down to specifics. "Do you remember that garbage man who drove that little h-buty truck around?" Yes, an ugly red-faced man with black fingernails.

"Well. . . ." Here Irvig stopped, bogged down. To free his muddled tongue he would always shake his head and make a roaring noise like a dragster turning up.

"Varoom!" he went, loosening the sticky gears. "Well, we always used to call him Rosemary when he went by and throw mud balls at him. One d-d-d . . . varoom! . . . day I hit him in the head with an apple, and he came flying out after me, swearing like crazy. He had something in his hand too, a monkey wrench or an ax or something. He stared me to death, and I took off running like I'd never done before. I ran for a mile through the woods, never once looking back. I don't guess he chased me too far, but just thinking about what he'd do if he caught me made me w-w-w . . . varoom! . . . want to run forever." Irvig's point was explicitly understood.

"Yeah, when you're sure someone's after you, you get that funny feeling inside," said Jaime.

"Yeah, it feels like you swallowed a lit match and you're on fire," said another boy.

"Well, that's a great feeling," Jaime continued, "but it dies right out when the chase is over. You can't make that feeling happen by yourself. You got to be chased to feel it. And there's nothing worse than getting yourself ready to be chased, real serious and all, and nobody will chase you."

It was an axiom of the sport that there must be both chaser and chased; the trouble was locating an earnest chaser when it was time to start the game. An arbitrary chaser, i.e., one of our friends, would not do. The chaser had to be

aloof, serious and angry before he could become a valid participant.

"I saw this movie the other night," somebody said after a while, "and there was this hero being chased through a field by a pack of wolves. . . ." The conversation would continue like this, ebbs in and out slowly like a sea until the uncommon celebration made us hungry for a little action.

Action normally meant some nefarious plot to startle an innocent citizen into retaliating against us, chasing us with that passionate abandon we loved. Loud noises, window pecking, mud ball slinging, a dash of vandalism—these were the sparks of the sport.

Eventually police officers, school principals and parents with hot hands cooled our lust, and we relied upon games for adventure. Kick-the-can was one. The person declared "it" (usually after a race to the garage and back) sat under a tree in the front yard and counted to 100 while everyone else hid. A can was set up in the middle of the yard. When "it" had finished counting, he hunted down the hiders as in hide-and-go-seek, the difference being that when he spotted someone he had to run back and kick the can. It was a race back to the can; the hider would be safe if he kicked it first.

This invariably led to some exciting confrontations at the vertex of the can, with two speeding participants often arriving simultaneously. On rare occasions, "it" would spot two or three hiders at once. They would come from different directions, running like rabbits, and generally the ensuing collision would terminate the game. There were variations on the standard Maxwell House coffee can we used; some days we would have to settle for any object available. There were times when we played kick-the-log, kick-the-brick, kick-the-bucket—and once we even played kick-the-dog, a disastrously short affair that taught us a thing or two about dodging German shepherds.

Of course, hide-and-go-seek was another of our chase-oriented games, but its popularity diminished with the increasing sophistication and earnestness of the players. Because of the tactics of the hiders, the person pronounced "it" was like a man condemned to an endless search for the Golden Fleece. Frequently the game would last an entire day without a single hider being found—

continued

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costume for a track suit and ran a 9.9 in the 100 and broad-jumped nearly 23 feet. As an all-conference halfback on the Richwoods High football team, he averaged almost eight yards a carry his senior year, specializing in breakaway touchdown runs. I would watch him dodge through the line, reversing, spinning and darting, and I knew he wasn't avoiding tacklers or following blocks but cutting around fences and blackberry bushes in a mad dash through a moonlit field.

The old October cowboy, the boy who owned the firecracker Greggie threw, turned into a red-hot low hurdles man in high school. For him every hurdle was a rotting log and every finishing string was a thicket of safety.

One of the strongest, quickest of us in slaughter-the-man-with-the-hill days developed into an adroit discs thrower and shotputter. Some of the best slaughterers became hone-on-bone sicklers on the gridiron. Even the lesser athletes, some of the mollusk-like hiders in our cross-country hide-and-go-seek games, had learned from the theory of the chase. They knew how to sit patiently on the bench at football and basketball games waiting for that huge margin of points or for that final buzzer—the signal that the seeker had gone home and the contest was over.

I myself developed an eclectic system of jumping, running, dodging and thinking that enabled me to perform well in basketball and football. I played cornerback at Northwestern University in a defensive secondary that played man-to-man coverage 90% of the time. Mostly we were kept running like racehorses, but during the infrequent lulls we knelt in the grass and talked about those times when we were very young. All-America Safety Eric Hutchinson, Left Cornerback Jack Duran, Strong Safety Mike Coughlin and myself would discuss the concept of the chase, finding it remarkable that each of us had experienced similar episodes. Playing defensive back, we decided, was like a reverse form of the chase. We backed away from flankers and split ends as though they were rabid mailmen.

The meaning of all this is not that the chase is a guaranteed producer of athletes, but that it is a genuine form of athletic endeavor, one which lurks in the roots of most organized sports. Unfortunately, the chase is not recognized for its real worth. It is considered some-

thing that only kids do, something tolerated only from them.

By the time I had read about David Balfour in *Kidnapped*, about Robin Hood and Little John, about Victor Hugo's *Jean Valjean* and all the other great chase men of literature, I realized it was too late, that the chase was an adventure relegated to the realm of children and fantasy.

A friend of mine vividly made the point for me a while ago. "I was standing on the sidewalk by my house and this guy comes running by full speed," he said. "The guy calls, 'Hi, Bobbie,' and I say, 'Hi, Ed, what's the hurry?' But he just keeps running right around the corner. A few seconds later a cop car squeals past, turns down the street and skids to a halt. I hear two gunshots, and then they're pulling Ed out of the alley with handcuffs on, and they throw him in the back and roar off again. How things change."

As you grow older the stakes get too high and the chasers have all the advantages. Harmless TV bullets disappear and everything grows solid, concrete—only a fool could call the chase a game now. As a kid, the chase was instinctive. It brought out the animal, the drums, the emotion in you. The blood pumped, the adrenaline flowed, and

you felt alive and crazy, like a bird.

I had been thinking about all this, growing sentimental, and was out for a walk on a day that was too cold for spring and too bright for winter. Standing at the corner, head down, I heard an object whistle by my ear. Then another. The third one hit me in the shoulder, one of the season's last snowballs. I growled.

Across the street were three laughing archers, watching me, poised to take off. Naturally all the thoughts I have just related went zinging through my head, and I looked at myself. I had on leather-soled boots and a heavy winter coat. The boys smirked. They were wearing Converse All Stars, blue jeans and sweat shirts.

Looking down the sidewalk, I saw nothing but dirty puddles, black snow-drifts and mud. I started to walk on, and then stopped. Jeez, what is wrong with you? I said to myself. You aren't playing fair.

I looked across the street at the boys. "Why you little snot-nosed runts!" I screamed as I started in their direction. "I'll catch each one of you and tear you limb from limb! You'll beg for mercy before I'm finished!"

They scattered like buckshot, shrieking. The chase was on.

END



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LOOKING BEST IN THE WEST

Something old and nice like something borrowed now equals something new. Ski wear is just on the range since the kids started from the bottom, so to speak, with jeans

Skiers and equipment came from many brands and styles. And the fashion became, but not the feeling. The women still spell out mastery in at least four years it did. A brief period of fashion had left the average man in the slopes over- equipped the average woman over-styled, in both of them broke. Finally young skiers rebelled and then in a search for something simple. They found it blue jeans.

It didn't seem to matter to them that jeans did not stretch, that the waist was so that they lacked color and such, jeans were O.K. So when they then that when Bud Johns of Texas State was asked why Levi's didn't make a ski pant he simply said, "We don't have to." We apply the same product and the same to the foot. (With Scotchgard)

[illegible]

Source: *U.S. Census Bureau, American Community Survey*.

what it is to make a proper "et Shoul
Lament" - not by their clothes with
the look of "I'm too West. Now
the trip is really impressive."

[illegible]

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3. *Index:* *Index* (see *Patterns*) may include handwritten notes next to, all or part of *Phone Bell*, from *Danmore's drawing* not true left-of-partials for *for* *Index*.

Only my Southern and Eastern U.S. and Pacific Northwest Westerners (East coasters in particular) like to stretch in the car, and I find that most, extremely funny.

Swelling went off at the point of a West
way back that it was. West McCoy has
lost several things from his shirt and
pocket, says the attorney James Joyce.

Carol Cowthra's down-filled parka from Gerry looks like a denim workshirt, Jacquie's blue down is from Alpine and Betsy is obviously in the pink—Bonnie Bell's

Midday Cowboy Joyce's sleek nylon-coated work jacket and bush pants from Alpine show off the true shape of this year's down-filled parkas with interior quilting.

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But it's solid satisfaction. The case is solid sterling silver. From a practical standpoint, this gives the pen a satisfying heft and balance through hours of comfortable writing. And from the standpoint of beauty, silver thrives on use, becoming more beautiful the more it is handled.

The ball point—the thing in a ball pen—is another source of satisfaction. Tungsten-carbide gives the ball its hardness. A microscopic texture

allows it to grip paper readily. Though one ball is only one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter, it takes three weeks to make. When fitted to a precisely-made stainless steel socket, the point becomes something a man can believe in. It resists corrosion and wear, slipping and skipping.

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In a world filled with uncertainties, a man has the sturdy reassurance of this written guarantee: If the pen fails to perform due to defects in materials

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Many of life's real pleasures are not immediately evident. It is only through daily acquaintance over a period of years that the many virtues of this pen come to light. Viewed as a superb writing instrument, or as a bit of atavistic quality, for a mere \$12 the Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen is a gift to be cherished till the last hurrah.

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The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen is solid sterling silver is \$12. Also available in vermeil, \$15; 21K gold electroplate, \$8.50; brushed stainless steel, \$5. Matching pencils. You'll find the famous arrow clip on every Parker, from the \$1.98 Junior Ball Pen to the \$250 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.



WHERE TO BUY WHAT CAUGHT YOUR EYE

More about the new ski clothes plus where you can find them

Facing the opening page: Head yellow nylon parka, warm pants and gloves. The jacket (\$74) has loops and matching belt, the warm pants (\$45) are diamond quilted from knee to ankle, both lined in new Poly-Slim "Plus." Similar in principle to the fabric used by the astronauts, it is light in weight and very warm. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Hudson's, Detroit; Nordstrom Best, Seattle. Following pages: Liberty Bell (Bonne Bell) blue-frosted denim jacket with Poly-Slim (\$65), wind shirt (\$18) and warm pants (\$32.50), all polymer coated for water repellency. At Darsen Sport Shop, Darsen, Conn.; Sportif Ltd., Englewood, Colo. Tex's Sporting Goods, Santa Monica, Calif. Head orange nylon parka with quilted shoulders (\$84), warm pants with raised quilting on the knees (\$48). At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Wolfe's, Salt Lake City, Aspen Country Store, Aspen, Colo. Top, center, Gercy down-filled denim parka (\$65), matching warm-ups with side zippers and polyurethane lining (\$23.50). At Eastern Mountain Sports, Boston; Sport Chalet, La Canada, Calif.; Outdoor Traders, Greenwich, Conn. Whole-ripere down parka in denim from Alpine Designs (\$60), warm pants (\$32.50). At Hougard's, Minneapolis, Scandinavian Ski Shops, New York, Sporthaus Linden, Aspen. Pink Liberty Bell jacket (\$65), pants (\$40), at some stores as blue Liberty Bell outfit. Below, Levi's denim shirt (\$12), bush pants (\$11) at Macy's, New York, The May Company, Los Angeles, Sanger-Harris, Dallas. Right, down-filled polymer-coated airé parka by Alpine (\$37.50), warm pants (\$32.50). At H.H. Petrie Sporting Goods, Madison, Wis.; Wolfe's, Salt Lake City, Scandinavian Ski Shop, Glenview, Ill.

END

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◆ Had 4-year-old **Sparky Sipeli** known he was going to get kissed by a lady in public, he never would have taken up daredevil driving. His expression says it all: "Yeah? Son of Louis Sipeli, a pit-crew member for Mario Andretti and A. J. Foyt, Sparky doesn't mind piloting a miniature Indy car at speeds up to 65 mph through obstacle courses and deliberate spins. But this stuff? Don't cry, Sparky. Miss Sparkplug Wrench will soon go back to kissing bigger kids, where she is more appreciated."

Muhammad Ali got \$10,000 for boxing four two-round exhibitions at Boston Garden recently as a prelude to the Emile Griffith-Joe DeNucci fight. Less known, however, is that the abominous Muslim picked up another piece of change: \$900 for delivering a lecture at nearby Tufts University. His topic: "The Invocation of Life."

As Comrade Tito laid on 21-gun salutes for still more visiting royalty—the British royal family, this time—there was nothing so red in all of Communist Yugoslavia as the face of one teen-age boy swimmer. His trunks came down in front of **Prince Anne**, attending a swimming meet at the Belgrade

youth center. When the elastic snapped, revealing a damp posterior, the young man tugged up the trunks. But down they slid again, and he fled in disorganized haste. It was all something of a letdown.

How soon they forget! **Billy Cannon**, now a dentist in Baton Rouge, won practically every national honor as an All-America halfback at LSU in the late '50s and led LSU to a national championship. Although he tries to be philosophical, it really struck a nerve when Dr. Cannon saw the location of his season tickets this year. "Tell me," he said to an LSU official, "what do you give someone who *didn't* win the Herman Trophy?"

Clay Anderson, football coach at Montclair State (N.J.), used a secret play against C. W. Post—so secret that nine of his 11 players didn't know about it. The play was a kickoff return where one deep receiver laterals to the other. "If all the players had known about it," Anderson explains, "they'd have been looking around to see if the lateral was completed." As it was, five uninformed players made perfect blocks and the return went 94 yards for a touchdown.

That beautiful black-haired woman with violet eyes who has taken to haunting English rugby games is indeed **Elizabeth Taylor**. "I prefer rugby to soccer," she says. "I can follow it easier because it's more like American football, which I grew up on. And I enjoy the violence in rugby, except when they start biting each other's ears off."

◆ "I made it!" he shouted into the phone. What **Larry Capane** had made was Miami Beach, the end of his epic journey by surfboard down the East Coast from Boston. Capane, who averaged

more than 20 miles a day for the 2,544-mile trip, originally expected to complete it in September, but, as he explained last week, "There were storms, and I got lost a couple of times." There were no other mishaps, except for a fungus infection Capane got on his chest near Boca Raton, Fla. "Polluted water," he said.

The world record for racing the longest to nowhere has just been claimed by **Peter Hallenbeck** of Loudonville, N.Y. Hallenbeck walked down an escalator for 14 consecutive hours.

A lot of statisticians and sportswriters were happy when the Kentucky Colonels released **Walt Szczerbiak**. The ex-George Washington U. player who was good enough to stick with the late Pittsburgh Condors, denies that his name was ever a problem for headlines—he never got any, but admits that it can be frightening. "You should have seen me in the first grade when I found out my name was spelled this way," Szczerbiak says. "Talk about panic."



Marge Peterson, wife of Houston Oilers Coach Bill Peterson, gets to see football in depth. Son David, 13, is a hack at Dulles Junior High. Billy Jr., 16, is Dulles Senior High's best tackle; Johnny, 20, is a safety for Rice University. Mrs. Peterson's football week starts on Wednesday with a junior high game. Friday it is high school, Saturday college and Sunday the pros. "In that sequence it's probably more interesting than reversing the order," she says succinctly. Another son coaches at Madison (Pa.) High School. One of Mrs. Peterson's brothers coached the Alliance, Ohio school team for 25 years, and another was an assistant at Mansfield, under Paul Brown. In fact, Brown was one of Marge's high school teachers. How does Mrs. Peterson feel about football now? "There are still a lot of things I don't understand about it," she says.

Ron Evans, of St. George Island, Md., winner of the Chesapeake Bay Oyster Shucking Contest for the second straight year, required 64.91 seconds to shuck his dozen bivalves this year, 9.91 seconds more than in 1971. Officials explained that this year the oysters are tougher and require more muscle.

The law looked the other way when filmmaker **A. S. Casky** staged a shoot-out at Annapolis, Md., for the movie *Saps*. *Dude* Maryland has no antique law, and someone thought to ask Attorney General Francis Burch if the filmers were violating it by using a gun with a hollow chamber that cannot hold shells. Having the gun, he said, would be illegal unless a permit were obtained and that takes 90 days. So Casky appealed to the city council, which promised to ignore the law. Good thing, too. The permit would have been denied the prop gun had no serial number.

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This year, economics and the conditions of urban traffic will drive millions of Americans to the small car.

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You see, ever since we invented the small car in 1936, our engineers have been designing small cars so European families

who couldn't pay a big-car price could still have the roominess and performance they needed.

As for room, while the

Fiat 128 is shorter outside than a VW Beetle, it's bigger inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass and has a 13 cu. ft. trunk. In fact, 80% of the car's space is devoted to you and your luggage.

Space considerations aside, many small-car owners are reluctant about taking a corner fast or driving in a strong crosswind. That's why the Fiat 128 is built wider than the big-selling Japanese and German imports. And why it has standard radial tires (usually a \$100 option). All-independent suspension. And the same responsive rack-and-pinion steering usually found on Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars.

What if you're trying to pass a giant truck or merge into fast moving highway traffic? If you've got to accelerate from, say, 40 to 70 mph to do it, the Fiat 128's overhead cam engine gives you an

edge of more than six car lengths over America's favorite small car. And since stopping fast can be equally important, it has self-adjusting front disc brakes.



PULLING IS MORE EFFICIENT THAN PUSHING. THAT'S WHY WE HAVE FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE.

Lastly, there's another item that distinguishes the Fiat 128: front-wheel drive. This means superior handling and performance, because the wheels that move the car are also the wheels that turn the car. And because pulling is a more efficient way to move something than pushing.

(It also means superior traction in ice and snow. In fact, for the last two years the Fiat 128 has won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

The Fiat 128 is available in 2-door, 4-door, and station wagon models. To appreciate just how good it is, you should know that in Europe, where each country is fiercely proud of the cars it makes, the Fiat 128 has won more international Car of the Year awards than any small car in car history.

Or any big car, too, for that matter.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.





AS USUAL, CHARLIE DAVIS WAS COLORADO'S BIG BUFFALO, RUNNING FOR 88 YARDS

Maybe Colorado won because it was Boulder

Now wait a minute. Oklahoma visits Colorado. That's the Mighty Sooners vs. the Disappointing Buffaloes, right? Oklahoma, with a defense that has yet to permit a touchdown and the Big Eight's top offense, invades Colorado, which in both defense and offense is sixth in the conference. These are the Sooners who have beaten everybody so far by an average score of 49 to 15, and these are the Buffaloes who have lost 31 to 6 to Oklahoma State.

O.K. So what happens? Well, Colorado comes up with some off-the-wall factors, a captured Oklahoma secret agent named O'Shaughnessy, a horde of screaming hippies, a barefoot Chilean kicker who once played a cop in *Conquest of the Planet of the Apes*, the right kind of shoes for semisweet AstroTurf and some guy running around on the sidelines dressed as a buffalo head—not a whole buffalo, just the head. Probably the last guy was not much of a factor,

but why would anybody go around in a buffalo head if it weren't essential?

And Colorado wins 20-14. How are you going to figure it? Maybe somebody told them Oklahoma State was Oklahoma and vice versa. Anyway, now Nebraska, Oklahoma and Colorado—the Big Three of the Big Eight—have each lost a game. Nebraska still has to play Oklahoma and Colorado, and both Nebraska and Oklahoma have to play Iowa State, which looks strong enough to come up with some new wrinkles of its own—somebody dressed as a Cyclops maybe—and knock off one of the bigger Buggies. Ah, it's an unsettled world, even out there in the heartland.

Not everything that glittered about the Colorado effort was peculiar, of course. The passing attack was the same impressive drop-back operation that beat Iowa State the week before. Quarterback Ken Johnson—who missed the first half of the Oklahoma State game and a whole

week of practice preceding it because of his father's death—completed 10 of 19 against the Sooners for 151 yards, with Tight Ends J. V. Cain and Jon Keyworth making most of the catches. Running Back Charlie Davis fired into chunks, broke tackles and gained 85 hard yards in 26 hard carries. And the Colorado defense allowed the Sooners inside the Buffalo 40 only twice.

The Buffaloes also intercepted three passes, recovered a fumble and staked the outside so that they consistently got to the Sooners' great flying back, Greg Pruitt, sooner than he could get going. Pruitt couldn't be gauged up on that way last year because of Jack Mildren's running speed at quarterback, but the Buffaloes—who were being thwarted similarly until two weeks ago when they switched from play-action to drop-back passing—proved that this year it can be done. Nothing is sacred.

Colorado played such commanding field-position ball that it seemed the better team at the half even though Oklahoma led, 7-0, on a 17-yard scoring run by senior Quarterback Dave Roberson after Colorado fumbled on its own 35.

In the third quarter the Buffs took over for sure. Sophomore Tailback Gary Campbell fumbled away their first threat on the Sooner 10, but, after the defense got the ball back at the Oklahoma 46, Campbell took a pitchout on the 43, broke several tackles and scored. The TV instant replay showed the nation that Campbell had stepped out of bounds on the one, but no one on the field caught it, or him.

Fred Lima, the aforementioned native of Chile, proceeded to miss the first extra point of his prep and college career, but nothing could stop the Buffaloes after Campbell's run. They kicked off to the Sooners and forced them into punting, or rather into trying to punt. All-America Center Tom Bruhames's snap to Joe Wylie at the OL 21 was high. Wylie leapt and knocked the ball down, but the Colorado rush precluded kicking, so he threw a desperation pass, which the Buffaloes' Cullen Bryant, who is no relation to the author of "To a Water-Fowl," intercepted and returned to the Sooner 18.

Three cracks by Davis, whose running style takes you back to the days of Duane Thomas, got the Buffaloes to the 7. Then Johnson threw into the end zone to Keyworth, who wrestled the ball away

from a defender for the touchdown.

A pair of 33-yard field goals by Lima—whose credits also include a 57-yarder against Iowa State and the role of a thug in *The Godfather*—made the score 20-7 and rendered Oklahoma's closing 73-yard touchdown drive more of a time killer for the Buffaloes than a threat by the Sooners. Pruitt got the six points, on a 10-yard pass from Robertson.

It was Pruitt's third reception, but the OU passing attack—75 yards—was not nearly enough to take the pressure off the running game. Pruitt could manage only 53 yards on the ground, which was creditable considering how rough the going was, and the OU total offense was only 238 yards, 296 fewer than its average going into the game.

One thing that hampered the Sooners was the slickness of the AstroTurf, which had been rained on that morning. Every time you looked up, Pruitt or Wythe was slipping down. Davis sat down suddenly a couple of times himself, but in general the Buffaloes were far more sure-footed—no doubt because they were wearing a new 47-cleat shoe, developed especially for wet carpeting. Oklahoma had arrived with special steel-tip cleats which were also supposed to suit the conditions, but after slipping and sliding too much in pregame warmups they went back to their dry-turf shoes, and slipped and slid too much on them during the game.

Which made everybody around Boulder feel wonderful. Maybe it wasn't the shoes that kept the Colorado people from slipping; maybe they were so high they didn't touch the turf much. They had been aroused by Milden's reported remark that Colorado was a choke-up team, and by the nefarious activities of O'Shaughnessy, the spy. Colorado Head Coach Eddie Crowder, an All-America quarterback at OU in 1952, refused to shake the hand of Oklahoma's Chuck Fairbanks before the game, and, when the Buffaloes huddled inspirationally before the opening kickoff, Crowder took a running leap into the midst of them, whereupon coach and players all jumped up and down and almost couldn't stand how worked up they were. Colorado's student population, which tends to look more like besiegers of the 1968 Democratic Convention than rooters for any imaginable college eleven, joined right into the spirit of the occasion, leaping and rah-rahing in the stands as though

it were the most relevant thing in the world.

So much for the intelligence career of Steve O'Shaughnessy. He is, or at least was at last notice, a law student at Colorado—and was a 1971 Oklahoma cornerback. During the week O'Shaughnessy's roommate, who could live with the secret no longer, went to the Colorado athletic department and told it that O'Shaughnessy had been scouting the Buffs and reporting nightly to Fairbanks. O'Shaughnessy was apprehended, the case was made public and the reaction around Boulder amounted to roughly three times the national outrage over the Watergate case.

"The information that O'Shaughnessy supplied was of a general nature," Fairbanks maintained after the game. "You know, how does CU look? What's their spirit like?" The presumable answer: "High."

"This spy thing proves the questionable worth of spying on the opposition," said Crowder. "The incident did much more for us than it did for them."

So why hasn't it worked that way for McGovern? How are you going to figure it?

THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (5-0)
2. MICHIGAN (5-0)
3. NEBRASKA (5-1)

Oklahoma was not the only team to get its comeuppance over the weekend. The faithful in South Bend glumly witnessed an even greater miracle: Missouri 30, Notre Dame 26. Stomped 62-0 by Nebraska the week before, shut out by mediocre Baylor earlier in the season, poor ol' Mizzou was off the board. But the Tigers played almost errorless ball and scored three touchdowns and three field goals on fourth-down plays.

True, Notre Dame performed without freshman Defensive Tackle Steve Niehaus, Split Ends Willie Townsend and Bob Washington and leading runner Eric Penick, but Coach Ara Parseghian said the loss was caused by "our inability to control the line of scrimmage on defense."

"If I were a fullback, there's only one school in the country I'd consider," said

Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes, glowing over his team's 44-7 thumping of Indiana. It was a victory earned the Woody way: pure power into the center of the Hoosier line by four different fullbacks who perceptively chose the right school. They gained 210 yards in 43 carries and scored three touchdowns. As usual, the best of the lot was Harold (Champ) Hemm, a 6' 4" sophomore who gained 116 yards and scored his 10th and 11th TDs of the season. Added Woody, "You don't beat a team up the middle, but you pin 'em down and then you can do anything you damn please."

Indiana was further debilitated when Quarterback Ted McNulty was hurt in the first quarter. McNulty, who earned all sorts of high school honors right in Hayes' backyard, underwent surgery Saturday night to repair a torn knee ligament. He is lost for the season and so, probably, are the Hoosiers.

"The turning point is that we dominated the game all the way," quoth Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler. Fortunately, his team had more control over the ball than Bo had over the language, drubbing Illinois 31-7. The Illini are now 0-6, the same record they had last year when they started a five-game winning streak against Purdue. This week's opponent: Purdue. Illinois' biggest worry will be how to stop Ottis Armstrong, who broke three school rushing records in the Hoosiermakers' 37-0 rout of Northwestern. He gained 233 yards to set the single-game mark and upped his career total to a record 2,613.

"Smile and Rest Nebraska," urged the out-sized campaign buttons worn all week by Kansas supporters. By mid-way in the second quarter at Lawrence it was obvious there was no reason to do the first and no chance to do the second. Cornhusker Quarterback David Humm threw four TD passes, Coach Bob Devaney played 47 of his 50-man traveling squad in the first half and Nebraska went home with a 56-0 win. Since their opening loss to UCLA, the bullies from Lincoln have beaten five opponents by a combined score of 281-14.

Baylor fumbled 15 times, lost seven of those bobbles and threw three interceptions in rainy Stillwater as Oklahoma State slopped to a 20-7 win. One of the few bright spots for the Bears was the play of Defensive End Roger Goree, whose father was an All-America guard at LSU in 1936. Goree recovered three Cowboy fumbles, caused another and was in on 16 tackles.

John King just might be crowned in Minneapolis. In Minnesota's first win of the season, a 43-14 upset of Iowa, he rushed for 173 yards on 29 carries and scored four touchdowns. After four straight losses to national contenders, Michigan State whipped Wisconsin 31-0. Iowa State improved its record to 4-1 with an easy

continued

55-22 victory over visiting Kansas State.

In Athens, Ohio, Virginia Tech's Don Strock, the nation's leading passer, threw for four touchdowns, three to Ricky Scales, as the Gobblers beat Ohio U. 53-21.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (4-1)
2. SMU (4-1)
3. ARKANSAS (4-2)

Arkansas came up with a unique 10-man defense on two goal-line stands, but Coach Frank Broyles will not be called upon to describe it at coaching clinics. He will only have to explain it to alumni, as Texas trounced the Razorbacks 35-15 at Austin. On the Longhorns' second touchdown, a six-yard run by Quarterback Alan Lowry, Arkansas lined up 12 men on the field, then two ran off just before the ball was snapped. Arkansas went into the same new defense on Texas' fourth touchdown, a one-yard run by Fullback Roosevelt Leaks, causing the crowd of 80,044, biggest in Southwest Conference history, to count helmets every time the Razorbacks were on defense. Once even the bemused referee called a time-out to let them up.

In its conference opener, SMU beat Rice 29-14 in the rain and fog at the Cotton Bowl. The Mustang heroes wore quarterback Keith Bobo (no kin to Ohio State's fabled Hubert), who didn't learn he was going to start until the pregame warmup, and freshman Wide Receiver Kenny Harrison. Bobo hit 13 of 18 passes for 229 yards and ran 17 times for 53 more. It was SMU's fifth straight win over Rice, giving it a 4-1 record, matching the best SMU start since 1950, when Kyle Rote was a senior. "We just played a bad football game," said Rice Quarterback Bruce Gadd. "We all played bad, myself included. We played one of the worst five halves I've ever seen."

Texas Tech romped over Arizona 35-10 and Texas A&M lost its fifth straight, 13-10, to Texas Christian in College Station.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (5-1)
2. DARTMOUTH (4-0)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (5-2)

Quarterback John Hufnagel needed only 85 yards to become Penn State's all-time total offense leader. He didn't get them as a well-drilled Syracuse defense held him to 58 yards passing and minus 19 rushing. But Syracuse

failed to contain Tailback John Capelletti, and the junior's one-man show was the difference in Penn State's 17-0 win. A record homecoming crowd of 60,465 saw Capelletti gain 162 of Penn State's 182 rushing yards and catch three of Hufnagel's five completed passes for eight more. "Capelletti sure looked better than he did in the movies we looked at," moaned Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder.

West Virginia fell behind Tulane 13-0, then got down to business. Bernie Galtia's passes started to click and reserve Fullback Ron Lee scored two second-period touchdowns as the Mountaineers posted a 31-19 victory. West Virginia intercepted five passes and sophomore Danny (Lightning) Buggs returned a punt 95 yards for a score in the third quarter. Next week's foe: Penn State, whom the Mountaineers have not beaten since 1955.

Temple, which had upset West Virginia the week before, was upended itself by Boston U. 17-14, Audan Moore kicking the winning 20-yard field goal with 17 seconds left. Colgate Quarterback Tom (Above) Parr ran for three touchdowns and passed for two more in a 35-26 victory over Princeton. Dartmouth smashed Brown 49-20 in Hanover, N.H., where Brown has not won a football game since Calvin Coolidge was in his second term. Yale whipped Columbia 28-14, thanks mostly to Dick Jauron's 87-yard touchdown gallop in the fourth quarter. Harvard routed Cornell 33-15, Penn edged Lehigh 30-27 and Pitt won its first game, 35-20 over Boston College.

SOUTH

1. LSU (6-0)
2. ALABAMA (6-0)
3. AUBURN (5-1)

Tennessee defended Alabama's Wishbone to well as the Crimson Tide, which thrives on ball possession, converted on only two of 13 third-down situations, none in the second half. In fact, the Volunteers did just what a team should do to beat Alabama—and yet it lost. Behind 10-3 with 1:48 remaining, Alabama scored on a three-play, 48-yard drive and kicked the extra point to make it 10-10. Coach Bear Bryant wanted to go for a two-point conversion but was talked out of it by Assistant Coach Pat Dye, whose thinking was that Tennessee would try to score and just might make an error, leaving "Bama in field-goal range. Sure enough, Vol Quarterback Condredge Holloway fumbled and the Tide recovered on Tennessee's 22. Seconds later, Quarterback Terry Davis ran 22 yards for a 17-10 Alabama victory.

Who says time doesn't stand still? Late in the second period in Auburn's Cliff Hare Stadium, the Tigers were driving into Georgia Tech territory when the Tech bench noticed the stadium clock had been at 1:31 for some time. After a heated midfield argument between assistant coaches, the clock was finally restarted, but Auburn scored to cut in half Tech's two-touchdown lead and went on to win 24-14. Quarterback Randy Walls sneaking over from the one for the deciding touchdown with 2:04 left.

LSU put together one impressive drive in an otherwise unimpressive night to beat Kentucky 10-0. Quarterback Bert Jones combining with Gerald Keigley on a 34-yard touchdown play late in the third quarter. It was Jones' 24th TD pass, breaking Y. A. Title's school record. LSU Coach Charlie McClendon now has an 11-0 record against his alma mater.

Florida State, noted for Gary Huff's slinging rather than for defense, stopped Colorado State at the 8, 4, 12 and 14 to register its first shutout in 39 games, 37-0. Huff hit 12 of 25 passes for 218 yards and his understudy, Mike Caldwell, got the final TD on a 25-yard pass play. He has thrown just twice in seven games, both for scores.

A solid running attack featuring Nat Moore and Vince Kendrick and a strong defensive line helped Florida beat Mississippi 16-0. Georgia struck for three quick touchdowns in the second quarter to stop Vanderbilt 28-3. Duke started Quarterback Mark Johnson for the first time and he responded by dashing 66 yards for one score and passing for another in the Blue Devils' 20-14 win over Maryland. North Carolina State whipped previously unbeaten East Carolina 38-16, and North Carolina improved its record to 5-1 by smothering Wake Forest 21-0. Miami (Fla.) took advantage of Houston mistakes, turning two fumbles and an interception into touchdowns in a 33-13 romp. Miami (Ohio) had a ball, too, beating South Carolina 21-8. Miami (Mo.) doesn't have a college football team as far as we know.

WEST

1. USC (7-0)
2. UCLA (6-1)
3. ARIZONA STATE (5-1)

Navy Coach Rick Forzano behaved as if he was going to have to walk the plank if the Midshipmen lost to favored, undefeated Air Force. Thanks to Quarterback Allen Glenn, the coach was spared. Glenn entered the game at the beginning of the second period with Navy behind 10-0 and sparked a comeback that reached its height

with a dramatic 80-yard touchdown drive in the fourth quarter. En route Navy twice made good on fourth-down plays, once when it was fourth and two on the Air Force 37 and once when it was fourth and one at the Falcon 16. Dan Howard scored the go-ahead touchdown on a five-yard run with 31 seconds left, and Navy won 21-17.

Stanford's Rose Bowl hopes were pretty much ruined by surprising Oregon, which had a 1-5 record going into the game. The 17-point underdogs beat the Cardinals

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Purdue's 5' 11", 197-pound senior halfback, Gus Armstrong, who gained 233 yards in 32 carries against Northwestern, including touchdown runs of 54 and 51 yards, and set three school rushing records.

THE LINEBACK: Missouri Offensive Guard Scott Anderson, who helped clear the way for the Tigers' successful late surges against overwhelmingly favored and unbeaten Notre Dame. He was playing opposite Greg Mark-

15-13 in Eugene. Oregon's only touchdown of the game came on an 85-yard run by sophomore Don Reynolds in the first quarter. Hugh Woodward added three field goals from 24, 27 and 45 yards. Quarterback Dan Fouts completed 16 of 34 passes despite suffering a pulled groin muscle in the first quarter.

Washington was missing Quarterback Sonny Sixkiller, and the Huskies lost for the eighth straight year to USC 34-7. Trojan sophomore Anthony Davis averaged 5.7 yards in 16 carries, including a fancy, side-line-hugging 44-yard run for the second USC touchdown. Washington was held to minus seven yards in the first half.

It now looks like the Pacific-Eight Rose Bowl representative will be decided Nov. 18 when USC plays UCLA. The Bruins continued unbeaten in the conference by romping over Cal 49-13, even though losing five of seven fumbles. Elsewhere on the Coast, Washington State slaughtered Oregon State 37-7 and San Diego State beat Bowling Green 35-19 as transfer Isaac Cariv started.

In the WAC, Utah slugged past Wyoming 27-6 in a Laramie blizzard and enhanced its chances for the league title. Woody Green did not play, but Arizona State still racked up Brigham Young 49-17, Fullback Brent McClanahan carrying 22 times for 171 yards and catching one of Quarterback Danny White's four touchdown passes. Said BYU Coach LaVell Edwards, "All you hear about is Arizona State speed. And that's about all we did in the second half—beat it."

AND



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The day the kid went after the king

It was so cold in Amarillo that the rattlesnakes moved south, but the nation's top drag racers heated up the scene with a classic Texas showdown for the world championship at 200-plus miles an hour

The friendly folks of Amarillo like to refer to their chunk of Texas Panhandle as the "golden spread," and usually it is just that—a gleaming reach of high plains country gilded in late October with endless vistas of yellowing mato and sorghum. Last weekend, however, when some 350 of the nation's top-ranked drag racers showed up for the National Hot Rod Association's World Finals, there was plenty of gold in the prize coffers—\$220,050 to be exact—but none to be seen in the surrounding countryside. A lingering low-pressure area had settled off to the West, transmuting the spread into cold, ponderous dirty-gray lei.

But that was only the view from the outside. During the early stages of the big racing weekend, with temperatures in the low 30s and the stubble fields

sheathed in ice, the action among fans and competitors moved indoors. Of course, if you move Texas, particularly West Texas, indoors, you stand in grave danger of winding up somewhere north-east of Keokuk.

The result in this instance proved better than that. There was a barbecue in a Methodist church gymnasium—beauty queens munching hot sausage under the frowning backboards, their homesed giggles offering occasional counterpoint to the gruffer sounds of motor mouths imitating a hot shoe driver outdragging an opponent during a particularly hots run. There were evenings of beer and good old Merle Haggard in the plastic-fantastic lounges of cheap one-night hotels along the Interstate: there were calf fries and rattlesnake meat hors d'oeuvres (though most of the rattlers seemed to

have split for Chihuahua in search of a little sun), there was Linda Vaughn, Mrs. Hurst Golden Shifter, the top-heavy first lady of all motor sport, flashing an engagement ring on her lovely left hand and then spawning suicidal thoughts among her many thwarted and usually overawed suitors; there was the World Series to watch on TV. And, of course, there was plenty of bench racing to be done during the waiting period before the weather broke.

Bench racing is the drag racing fan's equivalent of cracker-barrel baseball and Monday-morning quarterbacking. And since drag racing, with its technology and its historical echoes of the quick-draw American past, is perhaps the ultimate expression of U.S. motor sport today, the bench racers were worth listening to. After all, the Amarillo drag-

continued



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sers represented the best; they were the saint leaders from seven NHRA divisions who had fought their way up through a series of 35 regional meets over the season. There are seven categories of competition in the World Finals, but the undeniable stars of the show are the long-outcasted Top Fuel all dragsters and Funny Cars, almost stock-looking vehicles whose bodies open like clamshells to reveal the explosive innards. Naturally, the most ordered name of all was that of Jerry Ruth, the whizbang from Seattle who last month lowered the standard for the fastest quarter mile ever run to 6.06 seconds. His blue and white "Pride of Pay n Pak" digger reached a top speed in excess of 230 mph in one heat at the NHRA Labor Day weekend meet at Indianapolis, although Ruth was ultimately beaten in the finals by Gary Beck, of Edmonton, Alberta, whose best time of 6.11 was slower but whose getaway off the line was quicker on that particular run.

Much of the bench-racing sympathy lay with young Jeb Allen, a beardless lad of 18 who has yet to complete his first full season of Top Fuel competition, but who nonetheless managed to win the Summer Nationals in his category last July at Englishtown, N.J. As the youngest champion in NHRA history—the association is only three years older than he himself—the lad represents much that latter-day American drag racing stands for: a youth market (average age is 22.8) that prefers a short-course, straight-ahead direction; intense concern with the technologies of power, balance and elapsed time; a desire to remain "within the family." Jeb is a craggy, long-haired kid with just the right amount of aggression and shyness to let him bustle by any cop covering a political demonstration.

His father, Guy Allen, is lean, short-statured, and possessed of that large-handed, no-nonsense quality that distinguishes the Junior Johnsons of this world from the Roger Penskes. The Allens live in Bellflower, Calif., near Long Beach, where, in the local parlance, "the sewer meets the sea." They got into drag racing eight years ago, not by watching, and now their little boy is among the very best. "Jeb's lucky to have found a direction this early in his life," says Guy Allen. "I just hope Jeb is tough enough."

The direction was there, all right, but the toughness remained to be seen. Race day broke clear and cool and meadowlarks fluted the sun on its rise—only to be drowned out by the ear-twisting roar of more highly tuned racing motors. The reek of nitromethane fuel filled the air, a smell like that of gunpowder, suitably reminiscent of the Old West. There were 32 cars in the Top Fueler field, and when the day ran out only one would remain unbeaten. Each of the racers had won his way to Amarillo by dint of quick toes and each was now ready.

In the first of his Sunday shootouts, Jeb Allen found himself paired off against veteran Bill Wigginton from Calumet, La., who had finished 10th in the NHRA's Western Conference while Jeb was finishing eighth in the East—the result of a four-month transcontinental campaign that had cost Guy Allen \$25,000 but had paid off with some \$27,000 in prize money. Jeb refused to be awed by the competition and, though he started just a touch late, he made it to the finish line in front with a creditable elapsed time of 6.569.

The second Top Fuel run was delayed by a pair of spectacular Funny Car crashes, one replete with plastic flames, but no one was hurt. The Funny Cars, with their wild blue-cloud burn-outs and their glossy, imitation-Detroit bodies, give the crowd a sense of product identification, but the Top Fuel diggers are like creatures fresh off the moon—nearly 20 feet long, with skinny bike tires away out in front and those fast, fat slicks, goopy with stickum, forward of the rear-mounted engine. "During a run, the tires just stand right up around you," Jeb Allen says. "You find yourself rising in the process, but the tires just keep getting taller and taller as you go down the track."

Next time he got ready to grow with his tires, Jeb paired off against Jerry Ruth—a classic confrontation titled "The kid against the king." National champion Gary Beck had already been eliminated in the first round and the crowd had been wowed by Clayton Harris, the Eastern Conference champ, setting a track record of 6.215 seconds—228.4 mph—in his "New Demolition" machine, but the Allen-Ruth runoff was still the high point of the afternoon. Experienced hands in the crowd knew that there was no way Ruth was going to

equal his world record, since Amarillo stands 3,676 feet above sea level, and the higher the course, the thinner the air and the slower the elapsed times. And as it proved there also was no way that he could beat young Jeb, who whipped Ruth off the mark and won going away with an ET of 6.512.

"Oh, wow," chirped a girl in a Mousketeer hat, "the kid put the king on the trailer!"

That success only put the kid up against Don Moody of Santa Monica, Calif., who had turned a tough 6.40 to reach the quarterfinals, better than a tenth of a second quicker than Jeb. But each duel is a new moment, the real meaning of drag racing lies in consistency. The kid kept his momentum and his consistency as well. Jeb lined out straight and strong while Moody lost both traction and the heat with a waggling rear end. Allen's time: 6.46 and 230.17 mph. It was what they call a "hole shot" victory, and it put Jeb into the semifinals against Clayton Harris, who had backed up his record-setting run with another of 6.25 seconds. That didn't seem to bother Jeb, who had beaten Harris twice in their only previous confrontations. The kid came back down the return strip with his thumb and his jaw in the air.

But it was not to be. Harris had renewed his clutch between rounds, while the Allen family tried manfully to repair minor body damage caused when Jeb's brake-chute had broken loose after his win over Ruth and deposited him in the weeds at the muddy end of the strip. As Jeb's mother Betty refueled the car, Guy shook his head. "Well," he allowed, "at least the alcohol is holding out." That was about it. When the green light flashed on, Jeb beat Clayton out of the hole with another dynamite start—but Harris had the stronger horses. He won with an ET of 6.32 against a tardy 6.49. The crowd moaned. Betty Allen's shoulders slumped. Guy Allen nodded curiously to his friends. Jeb stuck his chin out just a little bit farther.

For many of the fans, the main sheet-iron drama ended right there. Ironically, Harris went on to lose the final heat to Ohio's Jim Walther, whose world championship time was an unremarkable 7.32 seconds.

And the kid rode out of town to do what kids usually do in such situations: practice his quick-draw. **END**

Mr. Band-Aid pops up again for Montreal

Just as the young hockey season was getting to be unbelievable with such absurd happenings as the Buffalo Sabres and the Detroit Red Wings skating along undefeated, the ice melting in Philadelphia, the Rangers routing the Bruins, Rocket Richard resigning after a week as coach in Quebec City—and now the Vancouver Canucks, fresh from a 6-0 pasting in Buffalo, chasing the Montreal Canadiens out of the Forum—along came Serge Savard to help restore some of the old order. Led by Savard's bold rushes, the Canadiens stormed back to tie the score 3-3 in Saturday night's game, and early in the

third period there went Savard again, cutting between and around the exasperated Vancouver defenseman Suddenly Savard passed the puck—and there was Marc Tardif alone in front for an easy goal: the Canadiens ultimately won the game 5-3.

Savard's all-round excellence helped keep the Canadiens undefeated, too, but more than that it was a heartening reminder that this aggressive defenseman, badly damaged goods not so long ago, is hale once again.

Off the ice Savard is chief needler of the Canadiens, and he seemed a bit worried one day as he looked around the dressing room for his next victim. "Sometime I'm going to run into a guy who's sore," he said. "That will be the end of it." Just then the normally moody and aloof Frank Mahovlich walked by. "Hey, Frank," Savard called. "I see where some more poor Canadian tourists are stuck in Europe. Only crooks like you run travel agencies." Mahovlich, who operates a travel business in Toronto, laughed it off, but his brother Pete wasn't so jolly. "Savard," Pete said, "if you were a horse you'd be out to pasture now with all those other broken-down nags you own."

On the contrary, Savard's four harness horses are not quite ready for re-

tiirement, and neither is their broken-down owner, who in the last three years has shattered his left leg twice and cracked and gashed his right ankle. Twice doctors suggested that he forget about playing hockey and concentrate on the lucrative Quebec lottery franchise he operates in Montreal, and twice he told them, "I will—the next time."

Savard's return to the swirling, dashing form he displayed as Montreal won the Stanley Cup in 1969 has greatly inspired the 1972 Canadiens—just as it did Team Canada against the Russians last month. Savard was able to play in only five games against Russia, but Canada won four of them and tied the fifth. "He played like the old Savard," said Canada Coach Harry Sinden.

The old Savard—the 23-year-old Savard of 1969—was the apparent successor to Jean Beliveau as leader of the Canadiens. According to tradition, that man must be of French stock—a Beliveau, a Rocket Richard, a Howie Morenz. And there he was, Montreal born and bred, a graduate of the Junior Canadiens and already a Stanley Cup hero. "Everything was made for him," Beliveau says.

The troubles began March 11, 1970 when Savard crashed into a goalpost and fractured both the tibia and fibula in his left leg. "I had three operations within the next week," he says. "They had to insert two pins in the leg to keep it together." Without Savard the Canadiens missed the cup playoffs for the first time in 22 years.

Savard also had to sit out the first months of the 1970-71 season, and he was just skating himself into top playing condition when he re-fractured the same leg in the same places. "Bobby Bain of the Maple Leafs hit me with a clean hip check—hard and low," he recalls. "He caught me right where the pins were, but it didn't seem to bother me." Savard got up, skated off the ice and sat on the bench. Then the pain began.

Back in the operating room, Savard's doctors pulled bone from his right hip to the broken bones in his left leg. He exercised all summer and was on the ice again with the Canadiens when they reported to training camp in September 1971. "The first time I came back I don't think I was conscious of my broken leg. The second time I couldn't help thinking about it. For instance, when I jumped



STICK AND HOPES HIGH, SAVARD LEADS UNBEATEN CANADIENS AGAINST ST. LOUIS

over the boards onto the ice to practice I always made certain that I landed on my right skate, not my left. Then one day I jumped over and came down on my left foot without even thinking about it. After that I wasn't worried anymore."

The doctors were, though, and they refused to let him even scrimmage with the Canadiens. "I wondered if they were keeping something from me. You know, maybe they knew I'd never be able to play again."

Savard finally was allowed to rejoin the Canadiens last Feb. 4, more than a year after Bobby Baun's check. "All I wanted to do was work myself into shape for the playoffs," he says. Five weeks later, though, he was back in the hospital. A fire broke out in the St. Louis hotel where the Canadiens were staying and a number of hotel guests were trapped in their rooms. Savard and other Canadiens helped with the rescues by climbing ladders and kicking open windows of smoke-filled rooms. Savard's reward was a badly cut right leg and an ankle studded with chips of glass.

Last summer Savard was surprised that Sinden selected him for the Canadian team that would play the Russians. "Why kid myself?" he thought. "Bobby Orr was hurt. I was named as a fill-in."

Savard did not play in the first-game loss to Russia but took a regular turn in Canada's 4-1 victory in the second game and was the best NHL defenseman in the subsequent 4-4 tie. The next morning at practice it happened again. Savard was in a corner, almost against the boards, when an errant shot hit him on the right ankle.

"One doctor in Vancouver told me I had a bone bruise. Another said I had a hairline fracture of the ankle. I didn't know what to think." Savard returned to Montreal, where it was determined that he had indeed fractured his ankle. The doctors insisted he would be unable to skate again for at least a month.

Eight days later Savard was in Sweden practicing with Team Canada, and after the NHL all-stars lost their first Moscow game Sinden, in desperation, sent him back into the lineup. As the world knows, Canada won the next three games.

"It is nice to be back again," Savard says. And to know that, at least in Montreal this wacky season, *Le Bon Dieu* is in His heaven.

END



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TO THE KINGDOM

Jerry and Rosalie Start's was the first pro football generation. Pro football was as crucial to their lives as religion or the harvest or the Depression had been to American generations past. The Starts (she was Rosalie Gail Toner of Bonnie View Drive, Towson 4, Maryland before her marriage) fell between two stools: nuclear war and social revolution. Their generation had pro football. It wasn't much, but it was all they had as a signature.

As the Starts and their contemporaries grew up in the 1950s, football not only replaced baseball as the national sport but, more important, it became a true cause of social change. Pro football could draw huge metropolitan populations together while simultaneously driving families apart. Prior to that, this had been achieved only by selected wars.

Many people came to say, in fact, that

continued

Pro football rules the land. While men gather to pledge devotion and play palace games, their women weep

by FRANK DEFORD



pro football bore a close relationship to war, but Rosalie would have none of that. To her, pro football seemed just like sex, particularly all the leading up and looking forward—a new passionate liaison, week after week. Baseball was an old dependable, like marriage; it was a regular sort of everyday thing. Football was an illicit love, to plot, to savor, and then to lie about in a barbershop somewhere.

Rosalie was no extremist in her views either, for the Stars were only a run-of-the-mill pro football household. Rosalie seldom nursed any grudges toward Jerry past April, and once they even had a long conversation on a week night in November. As fans went, Jerry was well-behaved. He did drink a lot of beer during games, and wore a sweaty old maroon high school football jersey, No. 83, but it had been years since he had broken anything valuable, such as the TV set, while watching a game. He cared for his children in season, remembered to have the snow tires put on and went to the office regularly. He even kept on giving to the church of his choice, although he was unable to worship from Trinity through Epiphany, inasmuch as church services were always scheduled on game days.

Still, as relatively normal as Jerry appeared to be, there was no telling what long-term effect his devotion to the pros might have on his children. At this time, late in 1967, Jerry Jr. was four and Kimberly almost two. Rosalie, a recent initiate in the local La Leche League, feared that as the twig was bent, so the tree inclined. What could she tell them when their father bellowed strange noises of joy and anguish from the club cellar and bolted upstairs for another beer, gurgling and disarrayed? Rosalie tried to keep the children far from him at such times. This particular Sunday night, as the Colts played "The Rams On The Coast," she had herded them into the family room, where they could watch a program about antelopes on the little old black-and-white set. Naturally, Jerry commandeered the color set for football. Rosalie laid out their dinner of mashed potatoes and grape Kool-Aid, mixed a frozen banana daiquiri for herself, picked out *This Week* magazine from the Sunday paper and began reading the cover story on how the trampoline boom was a threat to a healthy America.

Suddenly, Jerry was upon them, reaching for another beer and taking the opportunity to bring them up to date. He was ecstatic. "Clutcheroom," he cried. "Checking off to catch the blitz, old Johnny U. clicks

with Orr on a post pattern for pay dirt. How 'bout that, Baby Cakes? Would you believe an upset?"

"Would you believe you look like a shipwreck?" Rosalie replied. In fright, Halfback, the family Schnauzer, scampered under a chair. Jerry suddenly turned and rushed downstairs again. "Back to live action," he cried. "It's almost the ensuing kickoff."

"You can come out now, Halfback," Rosalie said softly. "The White Tornado has gone again."

"Why does Daddy act like that sometimes?" little Jerry asked.

"Hush, child," Rosalie said, tousling his hair. "It's only The Football. When the moon that comes after Christmas is full, the evil spirits will depart, and he will once again be your father."

"Mommy, Mommy, what's that mean?"

"It means the damn season is almost over," Rosalie explained, and she bade the children sit round her feet and listen. "Once, when I was a child growing up long ago, the season would end at Thanksgiving. Then Christmas, now January. By the time Kimberly is grown, it will last 50 weeks a year. The league office will set aside two weeks late in March for a mating season. Like those antelopes on the TV. Do you want some more grape Kool-Aid? It's very good. I made it myself from an old family recipe."

Little Jerry handed over his cup and, seeing this, Kimberly stumbled up and put her cup out, too. Rosalie filled them both. "Hey," little Jerry exclaimed, "she didn't eat all her mashed potatoes."

"The poor thing is destined to grow up into an antelope's life," Rosalie said. "Let her have some grape Kool-Aid. It's the least we can do for her."

The fact is, like so many other women in America, Rosalie had come to view pro football as straight one-on-one competition for her man, and because she was some honey she was not used to being beaten in any competition where a man was the issue. Naturally, when first she sensed that she was losing Jerry to The Football, she had fallen back on all her best assets—but none of the usual sure-fire workaday little gimmicks succeeded.

Jerry just kept watching the games and fondling his regulation NFL football that had been autographed by two live Colts ("Best wishes, Ordeil Brause" and "Yours, 43, Lenny Lyles"). Finally, in exasperation, Rosalie came downstairs



late one Sunday afternoon, stood right next to the TV set, systematically removed all her clothes, spread her feet some distance apart, put her hands on hips and pouted, the way she had seen the girls do it on the covers of dirty magazines.

Possibly in a lopsided AFL game, it might have worked, but Rosalie happened to pick a crucial series of downs in a tough MUST game with the Lions, and she didn't stand a chance. Jerry was not aroused, or even amused. He just growled: "Watch out you don't knock against the horizontal," and then he said, "Judas Priest, why does Unitas keep trying end runs," and "Moore is open on the down-and-out every time," and things of that nature. Rosalie finally began to get a chill and had to go upstairs and take a hot shower.

Certainly, in those early days of marriage, Rosalie could not have imagined that things were going to get worse. She was no novice to football. In high school, Rosalie went steady for almost two years with none other than Toby Geyser, who is still recognized as the greatest player ever to come out of the state of Maryland. But Rosalie found out that the professional football fan was an entirely different beast from any mere player. The fan was engulfed by the thing.

There were those glad to profit by this craving, too. For instance, in the early 1960s, when Rosalie and Jerry were first married, only the Colts were on television in Baltimore on Sundays, and then only for the road games. This was known as *The Policy*. Soon, however, *The Policy* was modified so that other league games from other time zones were also piped into Baltimore. This made television doubleheaders. Also, there were suddenly whole other doubleheaders coming from the new American Football League, which was invented by another channel. Although Jerry pro-

This is an excerpt from the opening chapters of a satirical novel, "Cur 'a' Run," which will be published next January by The Viking Press.

fessed to despise this interloper, never passing up an opportunity to characterize the AFL as "the Mickey Mouse league," this bias did not interfere with his devoted attendance before the set when any non-conflicting AFL game was offered, even those that involved Denver, with its funny striped stockings.

As the '60s wore on, Rosalie did learn to garner some consolation from the knowledge that their happy home was not alone in suffering from this dread social disease. For a long time she had been reluctant to admit to friends how different Jerry was during the season, but once, at a girls' duckpin bowling party at Johnny Unitas' Colt Lanes, she introduced the subject and was amazed at how many of her friends immediately followed her lead and began to spill their very guts out, too. Nearly to a housewife, they all had the same accounts to tell, and Rosalie even took some pride in the realization that at least Jerry maintained more of a physical presence than most husbands. Many of the neighbors were none the wiser than he was totally transformed during the season.

There was a reason that Jerry was able to retain at least some composure during the games that did not involve the Colts. He was a stockbroker, and he kept complicated charts of games because he was convinced that there was

a correlation between the number of first downs, punts and fumble recoveries that a team made and how the stocks of the companies in that team's city would fare in the following week. For instance, if the Detroit Lions charged the right number of first downs, punts and fumble recoveries, it was time to get into Chrysler.

After years of cross-checking his theories, Jerry decided to test them for real one week, and the results were astonishing. Every stock he bought soared at least 18 POINTS. Of course, that was also the week in 1966 when the Dow Jones averages climbed 64 points and the American Stock Exchange index—the whole index—split two for one, and 463 out of 472 listings on the Over-the-Counter went up. As a consequence, Jerry confided to Rosalie that he did not think it altogether fair to claim that his theories had been completely borne out.

Nonetheless, she was grateful enough for the time that it took him to offer her those revelations. In season, any ordinary fan, such as Jerry, was required to attend devotions every day of the week, not just on Sunday. The foreplay of pro football is considerably more involved and lengthy—if not also more vital—than the game itself. There was seldom any free time left over to enjoy shared experiences with Rosalie.

Sundays, Jerry was at Memorial Stadium if the Colts were home or he was rooted downstairs to the television if they were away. Mondays, the game took up much of his day at the office and it required all of his concentration to attend the regular weekly luncheon meeting with the Colt Stampede fan club.

Tuesdays, Jerry never came home until the wee hours of the next morning. First, he was required to attend

his weekly National Guard meeting. Afterward he always went out with some of the other Guardsmen to play APBA Football, a sci-

entific board game, and the players in Jerry's APBA league had draft meetings and trades and preseason games and a regular season. Wednesday nights, Jerry was so tired from staying up late the night before to play APBA that he was forced to take it easy, isolating himself so that he could examine pro football journals and watch NFL highlights from the previous Sunday's game on TV. Thursday evenings featured Colt highlights on television. By Fridays, although there was no electronic exercise, Jerry was in such a stew over the approaching game Sunday that he often drank to excess and was generally incoherent even if he did not. Saturdays, he was hung over, and although his buddy Redd Ratche usually came over to speculate on Colt strategy, Jerry would always go to bed early, oblivious to Rosalie's charms because "I need my sleep—it's going to be a big day come tomorrow."

On those few occasions when Rosalie still bothered to offer a token complaint about this weekly schedule, Jerry would get huffy and reply: "It's just a game. Would you like it better if I were out chasing women?" This particular Sunday night, as the kids became engrossed with the antelopes and Jerry remained downstairs with the MUST game, Rosalie began missing more seriously on his response. She put *This I've* aside and, sipping on her

continued



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ZENITH

banana daiquiri, she decided that she might indeed prefer the alternative, since it was her understanding that married men who chased after other women did it more on their own time, and also, they brought home flowers and jewels to their wives and took their children to zoos and amusement parks because of their guilty consciences.

She was still meditating on these philosophical matters when Jerry came upstairs so choked with emotion that he could hardly manage to crack open a new beer. "Daddy's crying," Jerry Jr. informed Kimberly, and Jerry took that cue to come over to his children and explain how grown-ups could cry with happiness. It was nothing sissy at all. Then, employing salt and pepper shakers as key personnel, with Kimberly's leftover mashed potatoes serving as the line of scrimmage, he outlined some of the bigger plays that had just brought the Colts victory. Kimberly crawled up on his lap. She knew her father now, the strong man who could fix anything around the house and play many honky-tonk songs on the piano. He was himself again. The long, hard day before the TV set was over. There were no more games from any more time zones from anywhere. There was nothing left for him now but to wait until the 11 o'clock news to hear the reconfirmation of all the scores that he had just heard on the post-game wrap-up.

"What an incredible day," he said, putting an arm around Rosalie's shoulder as if she were a teammate who had just made a tough block. He tended in season toward this sort of comrade's affection. Every now and then he would even forget himself altogether and slap Rosalie on the rear instead of kissing her. He steered her into the living room and collapsed on the sofa.

"There was no tomorrow for the Colts if they lost this one," he expostulated. "What heart," and he pounded his own with his beer can for emphasis. "Now just think, if we can beat Green Bay next Sunday, we..."

"Do we have to think about next Sunday already?"

"Of course. It's a MUST-game, Rosalie."

"I don't care," she said evenly.

"Of course you do. You just don't understand. If we beat Green Bay next Sunday, we win the Coastal Division outright, no matter what Los Angeles does."

"Well, I don't care," Rosalie said again, unmoved.

Jerry was incredulous. "You must be tired," he suggested.

"No, Jerry, I don't care. And it's time you understood that. We're in two different worlds for months of the year. You've heard of the generation gap and the racial division, but there's one thing worse than that which they never talk about—the sex split."

"Well, Baby Cakes," Jerry snapped. "What's the big deal? It used to be a battle of the sexes."

"Yeah, but to make a battle at least you must stay in contact with the enemy. In the sex split, men and women just drift farther and farther apart as the season wears on. There won't even be any babies born in Baltimore next July and August. I hear they're going to take the beds out of the maternity wards and use them for roller rinks."

"Ah come on, be serious."

"Oh, I am. In the whole history of all the species in the world, this is the first time this has ever happened,

and it's upsetting the whole routine of nature. Just take this miniskirt."

"What?"

"Well, always before when the fall came and a bunch of designers in Paris said it was time to wear something else, we all went out and bought it. I know you don't believe this, Jerry, but all the young girls in New York are wearing these things, even shorter than mine. And it's crazy, because you really do freeze your tail off. But there's some innate sexual instinct telling women that the only chance they have to remain as competition for The Football is to get more and more daring and sexy. It's our only hope."

"You see, the mistake everybody is making is thinking that the miniskirt is some kind of fashion trend. That's where they go wrong. This isn't fashion. This is survival gear."

She took a long pull on her banana daiquiri and lit a cigarette. "I mean, suppose there was some other species, blue jays or ocelots or something, and all of a sudden the females were done up real strange. All the naturalists would say, hey, something's happening to the species because all the girl blue jays are green all of a sudden, and the girl ocelots are freezing to death without any fur."

"Oh, Rosalie, you're crazy," Jerry said.

"I am not. You just wait till the next time those fashion designers try to make us wear real long dresses—and it will happen soon. For the first time in history we'll rebel, because the big fashion line comes out in the fall, in football season. It's bad enough now, but we wouldn't even have a prayer in long dresses."

"O.K., Baby Cakes, then if you extend this theory you've got to say that pretty soon women will have to stop wearing clothes altogether, right?"

"No, Jerry, because this isn't theory, this is stark reality, and there are limits to reality, even to miniskirts. The miniskirts are like a last desperate semaphore. They say, hey, look at us, remember us, don't neglect us for The Football. But if you don't heed the signal, we'll have to go on the attack. There's this new thing called the women's equality movement."

Rosalie was about to go on, but stopped and shook her head. "Oh, it doesn't do any good to warn you anyhow, because men are just digging themselves into a deeper hole every year. The season gets longer. All of a sudden all you clowns have to start going to those exhibition games in the middle of the summer, and..."

"How many times do I have to tell you? They're not exhibition games. They're preseason games."

"Thank you. And I can see it coming. It won't be long before they start televising games at night during the week. They'll probably start televising games from Canada soon. The Football will take over Christmas Day itself, Christmas Eve..."

"Would you believe you sound like some kind of nut?"

"Oh no, I'm perfectly rational. You can see it all coming if you just open your eyes. It's not going to be free love or wife-swapping that's going to kill the family, it's going to be pro football. I tell you, as much as I hate L.B.J., at least he doesn't seem to be a pro football nut. The law of averages is that sooner or later—probably soon-

—continued—

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No recommended maintenance under normal driving conditions. Electronically set and tested for accuracy to add to its reliability.

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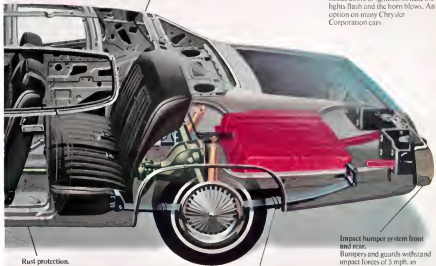
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Long, multi-leaf springs adjust to varying loads for a smooth ride. Off-center, forward mounting of axle minimizes acceleration squat.

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Bumpers and guards withstand impact forces of 5 mph. in front, 2-1/2 mph. in the rear with no significant damage.

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cr—we're going to get some screwball football fan in the White House, and the hot line from the Kremlin will be ringing off the hook or 100,000 people will be marching on Washington, something like that, and he won't even care because he'll be watching *The Football*."

"Oh, come on, Baby Cakes, you're really going off the deep end now."

"You laugh," said Rosalie, draining her drink in a final swoop. "I don't know whether the world will end with a whimper or a bang, but it is going to end on a Sunday afternoon for sure."

So anxious was Jerry to escape from a heretic such as Rosalie that he actually left for work early the next morning. He was a broker at Pine Brothers and Moore, where he was located in the cubicle next to Sandy Tatler, another young broker. Inasmuch as Sandy was black, the two men had little in common except, of course, their mutual devotion to the Colts. Sandy was just as much a Colt fanatic as Jerry; pro football is no respecter of race, color or creed. In fact, Sandy was in the office ahead of Jerry, waiting eagerly for any other fan to show up so they could begin the first pro football *Simulated Conversation* of the new week.

Simulated Conversations are the kind pro football fans participate in the country over. They may seem

logical in their progression, but nothing said in a *Simulated Conversation* has direct relationship with what preceded it or what follows. Rosalie always felt that pro football *Simulated Conversations* were reminiscent of the dialogue of an old radio program that was called *It Pays To Be Ignorant*.

On the show there was a moderator and some panelists who pretended to be dimwits. The moderator would say, "The first question is: What color was George Washington's white horse?" One panelist would immediately answer, "My Uncle Fred used to own horses," and another would say, "I went to Washington on the train last summer," and a third would say, "I don't think it is fair to always put the caboose at the end of the train," and it would go on and on like that while the studio audience laughed itself sick. The only difference with pro football *Simulated Conversations* is that nobody laughs, and lots more people are on the panel.

Warning up, Jerry said, "This Colt team does not have as much talent as some others, but it is all heart."

Sandy said, "Exactly. A rookie in the defensive backfield is worth at least one touchdown every game."

Jerry replied, "That's right, our linebackers turn it around with their stunting."

Sandy added, "Of course, that was the best post pattern I ever saw Richardson run against the Ram secondary."

continued

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"I've never performed on a better tire."

Stunt driver, Carey Loftin, put Shell's new Steel Belted Tires through every driving test he could dream up. Here's what he said about them.

*A report from
Carey Loftin.*

SHELL: Tires are very important to a stunt driver, aren't they?

LOFTIN: Yes they are. You have to depend on your tires, first; engine, the rest of the car, second.

SHELL: You just tested Shell's new Steel Belted Tires. In general, what do you think about them?

LOFTIN: Well, I felt very secure, very safe at all times, no matter what I did. I never had one fear of failure at all.

SHELL: At one point you drove over some wet pavement, what about the skid resistance?

LOFTIN: It seemed very good and very equal and very little sway whatsoever. I was really amazed that I could hold the car as straight as I did.

SHELL: You also did some quick stops from 80 miles an hour on this wet stretch of track. How did the tires react?

LOFTIN: They all seemed to

react the same. I thought I would be real busy correcting, trying to hold the car straight. But, with very little correction, I was able to stop practically in a straight line.

SHELL: What about on the slopes and the curves, did you notice much roll-over or squirming on the part of the tires?

LOFTIN: No, they didn't. They felt the same all the time. The tires, the steering geometry never seemed to change at all.

SHELL: Carey, do you have any relatives?

LOFTIN: Yes, I do.

SHELL: Would you recommend Shell's new Steel Belted Tires to her or him?

LOFTIN: To any of them I would. I have three sisters and a brother and I would recommend them to anyone. I think they are simply

safe for the even better than average driver, not even the average driver, above average. I would say that you are amply safe with the Shell tires.

SHELL: Carey, do you have any other comments you would like to add to this at all?

LOFTIN: Not specifically. I can only say in general, I've never performed on a better tire. It seemed to hold its shape and stand up. So, in general it is one of the best tires I've ever driven on.

**Ask an expert.
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**On September 13,
Ford Motor Company
and 6,035 Ford and
Lincoln-Mercury dealers
announced a new goal:**

No unhappy owners.



Here's what's happened since.

We listen.
And you're concerned about a very real problem in the car business. Unhappy owners.

So several weeks ago, we took a first step toward solving our share of the problem.

We published the message shown at left. And we also ran it across the country. With it, we did two things.

We began inviting unhappy owners to come forward.

And we outlined a system for helping to get their problems solved.

WE INVITED YOU RESPONDED.

Almost immediately, things began to happen.

Owners of our cars did respond. And still are.

That's fine with us. It shows that our program is already beginning to work. That people are taking it seriously.

A CORRECTION: WE SAID 6035 DEALERS MAKE THAT 6283.

When we made our first announcement, 6035 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers were behind the program. Within a few days, that figure jumped to 6283.

Which means that as of this writing, nearly 95% of the dealers are solidly behind the program.

And that's good. Because they're the key to achieving the goal.

ONE POINT NEEDS REEMPHASIZING: WHAT TO DO IF YOU'RE UNHAPPY.

When we set up our system for solving the problems of unhappy owners, we created something nobody else had.

A whole new Ford Customer Service Division. Designed to help straighten out problems the customer and the dealer can't.

Well, almost the instant we made the announcement, the Customer Service Division received a barrage of letters.

Which means, in effect, that people are short-circuiting the system. Doing Step Two first.

And completely bypassing Step One. The dealer.

There are some very good reasons why it's to your benefit not to do that.

SEE THE DEALER FIRST HIS SERVICE DEPARTMENT HAS A NEW LOOK

We feel confident that most service problems that come up will end where

they should. With the dealer. Because along with the technician, the equipment and the tools, he now has a whole new way of giving service.

A SERVICE QUALITY GUARANTEE

I've got single one of the 6283 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers is now guaranteeing his service work for 90 days or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first.

If his repair or replacement fails in normal service within that period, it will be fixed free of charge. Parts and labor.

And that guarantee goes, whether your car is still under warranty or not.

So if you've got a problem, bring it in. If it's covered by new-car warranty, it will be fixed free.

If not, yes, you will pay for the job. But you can be assured of first-rate work. And in most cases, your problem will end right there. If it doesn't, bring your car back again, the job is guaranteed.

There's more, too.

A REPORT CARD

Attached to your service bill, you'll find another good incentive for improvement. It's a report card. What you do is take it home and grade the service you got. Then send it back. It goes right to the dealer himself.

If you're not happy, say so. Loud and clear. That way he can do something to correct the problem.

If we did something wrong, tell us.
If we did the job right, tell us.



THE TECHNICIAN WILL SIGN THE JOB

It isn't just the people in the front office who are committed to the goal of No unhappy owners.

The people who do the work are, too. So from now on, when you go to pick up your car, you'll find a card with your technician's name on it.



NOW IF YOU'VE BEEN TO THE DEALER AND YOU STILL HAVE A PROBLEM

This is where Step Two comes in. The Customer Service Division. And, quite frankly, with the changes the dealers have made, you shouldn't have to use it.

But if a situation arises where all the dealer can do isn't enough, by all means, get in touch with the Customer Service Division.

Write. Describe your problem. Tell them you want action. A Ford Customer Service Division representative will contact you quickly. And he'll work with you and the dealer to try to straighten things out.

If you own a Ford, Mercury or Lincoln, it's something to think about. And if you don't, it's really something to think about.

FOR THE ADDRESS OF THE CUSTOMER SERVICE DIVISION OFFICE NEAREST YOU, CALL TOLL FREE 800-243-6000.

IN LINCOLN: 800-243-6000

If you want information about our cars and trucks or if you want to know where we stand on safety, emissions, quality control—anything—

Write: Ford Motor Company, 10000, Box 1973, The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.

Let us know what's on your mind. We listen better. And we'd like to prove it to you.

Our goal:
No unhappy owners.



...has a better idea
(we listen better)

Jerry said, "Yessir, old Johnny U."

Sandy said, "Sure, our splits seemed so large, but it made them go further on the routes."

They went on like that, oblivious to all around them as well as each other, until the market opened, and since this was merely another typical humdrum day of the 1960s, boiled up 27½ points in the first trading hour. But enough of that everyday tedium. Monday was Colt Stampede Day, and promptly at noon both Sandy and Jerry rose from their desks to go attend their respective Stampede luncheons. Jerry had only to walk up the street to a nearby restaurant, but Sandy had to take a taxi over to the Elus Club on Pennsylvania Avenue, where the A-ACS met. That was the Afro-American Colt Stampede; previously the NCS, the Negro Colt Stampede; later the BCS, the Black Colt Stampede; recently the CSS, the Colt Soul Stampede. Sandy Tatler was president of the A-ACS, which was fitting because he owed the Colts more than any man in the city of Baltimore. Pro football had made Sandy all that he was, and he never forgot that.

A decade before, in the summer before his senior year at Dunbar High School, Sandy had mailed in an application to the Colts for a season ticket. In those days, just before the Colts won their first championship, a few seats for the season were still available in the far reaches of Memorial Stadium. So Sandy, whose real first name was Roosevelt, applied for his season ticket: for R. Tatler. That very same day a powerful member of the Baltimore Board of Estimates named Ronald Taylor applied for 10 season tickets. Taylor was a very important man inasmuch as any improvements to the stadium would have to be approved by him. Word filtered down from Colt executives to be sure that Ronald Taylor—or simply R. Taylor, as it said on his application—got 10 very good seats. Well, yes, that is exactly what happened. Some dumb bunny in the ticket office mixed up R. Taylor and R. Tatler.

Believe it or not.

Sandy opened his letter from the Colts and saw that he had been allocated 10 seats—not just the one he had requested—and that they were smack dab on the 50-yard line in Section 10, just far enough back to offer a perfect view of the whole field and also be under the protective cover of the overhanging upper deck. He had the best 10 seats in the house.

Sandy's first inclination was to mail the form back, pointing out the error. For one thing, he did not have \$300 to pay for 10 tickets; it was going to be hard enough just to scratch up the \$30 for one. But, Sandy thought, if he called attention to this error, he would end up with a bad seat way back in Section 37. Then, in the next instant, he figured out something that was to send him on his way forever.

He put on his charcoal-brown suit and his porkpie hat with the feather in it and went down the street until he reached the only bank he knew, the Pennsylvania Avenue branch of the First Merchants Trust. He asked the only friendly face he saw there—which belonged to a 76-year-old messenger boy—who the president of the bank was. The old messenger boy laughed and took Sandy over to Jimmy O'Brien, who was the assistant manager of the

bank. Jimmy laughed to beat the band when he heard that this little colored boy wanted to see Mr. Davis Tyler himself.

"Mr. Davis Tyler?" Sandy said, picking up on the name.

"Davis Tyler," O'Brien answered, still chuckling. "But, boy, you go down there, your ass is gravel."

"I've got important business," Sandy said. "Where will I find this Mr. Davis Tyler?"

"The First Merchants Trust Building, right on Calvert Street," O'Brien replied. He had already started thinking how funny it would be when they started screaming at this uppity nigger down at the main office, so he told Sandy exactly where Mr. Tyler's office was located. Armed with this floor plan, Sandy sauntered right past all sorts of guards, right past the Christmas Club department and right up the stairs to the executive offices on the mezzanine—where, just as Jimmy O'Brien had said, the frosted glass read L. DAVIS TYLER, President and Chairman of the Board. The door was open, and an elderly white gentleman was sitting in the anteroom.

"Mr. Tyler?" Sandy inquired.

Before the man answered, Sandy heard a voice behind him saying, "May I help you?" He turned around and there was Mr. Tyler's private secretary, Miss Mary Pratt, who was a bossy old lady with a facial tic and a penchant for chain-smoking three packs of Hit Parade cigarettes a day.

"I'd like to see Mr. Davis Tyler," Sandy said, and then he remembered he still had his porkpie hat on, and sheepishly he pulled it off his head.

"Do you have an appointment?" Miss Mary said, knowing full well he didn't, and moving the left corner of her lip in such a way that Sandy was frightened a little.

"No ma'am. This just came up this morning."

"Well, Mr. Tyler is a very busy man," Miss Mary said. "Perhaps if you tell me the nature of your business, we can arrange an appointment with someone in the bank at some future time."

"Ma'am, I have to see Mr. Davis Tyler and I have to see him today."

"Well, I'm afraid that is out of the question," Miss Mary said, getting snappy for the first time and blowing smoke in Sandy's face. Up to now, she figured she had been pretty damned patient with this boy. "How did you get in here anyway? And just what is the nature of your business?"

"I can only tell Mr. Tyler that, ma'am," Sandy said.

"Well, if you can't tell me, I can't tell Mr. Tyler," Miss Mary said. She moved her foot over behind her desk to a buzzer and pushed it to signal a guard. The man waiting there, who was Shipley Pwe, president of Pine Brothers and Moore, Brokers, noticed that Miss Mary was in some distress, and so he stood up. "May I help, Miss Mary?" he asked.

"I'm afraid this boy won't tell me the nature of his business."

"Oh."

"It's personal, sir. I have to see Mr. Davis Tyler himself."

"Have you ever met Mr. Tyler? Does he know you?" Pine asked, but kindly.

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When all the votes are in, one whiskey stands out clearly, as the people's choice. Seagram's 7 Crown. More Americans drink and enjoy 7 Crown than the leading Scotch and Canadian combined. And they do it for one good reason: 7 Crown's light taste. A unique and consistent smoothness that has convinced an entire nation that they can Say Seagram's and Be Sure.

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Tough steel cushioned between two layers of road-softening Dynacor® Rayon Cord. For the strength of steel plus a smooth, comfortable ride.

There's only one radial tire in the world made with Cushioned Steel. The Lifesaver Radial Steel R/S.

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"No, sir," Sandy said. "This just come up." A guard appeared, cast a menacing look at Sandy and no doubt would have grabbed him and ushered him out straightaway, except that Shipley Pine appeared to be in charge.

"Well, if the master is as important as you say it is, I'm sure Mr. Tyler would take the time to consider it if you left a note explaining what you have in mind. I'll deliver it to him myself. That's a promise," Pine said, a revelation that caused Miss Mary's tic to start up again at a furious pace.

"Yes, sir," Sandy said. "Yes, sir," Pine ordered Miss Mary to get him a pencil and some paper.

"You see, son," he said, "no master how important your business is, Mr. Tyler could not possibly see you now. He is on an urgent long-distance phone call to New York, and then I have an appointment with him, and then he is having a business luncheon with some members of the Federal Reserve at the Maryland Club. But I'll give him your note and you call back later in the day. You see, there is just no way he could find time to talk with you now. President Eisenhower himself could not get in to see Mr. Tyler this morning."

Sandy nodded, took the pencil from Miss Mary and, leaning over the desk to hide what he was writing, he printed:

"Dear Mr. Davis Tyler:
Do you want Baltimore Colt season ticket on 50-yard line?

I have 10.
Yours sincerely,
Roosevelt Tatler."

Carefully sealing the envelope, he passed it on to Shipley Pine, and as soon as the guard saw that business done, he reached out and took Sandy by the elbow. Once out of the room, he went to a rougher hold alternately pushing and pulling Sandy along the corridor. "Leggo, man," Sandy protested, but this only encouraged the guard to be meaner. He made Sandy walk like a prisoner down the stairs, holding him by the back of his belt.

At last he released his hold, and Sandy took a first quick step toward the door. But he froze in the next instant, as did everyone in the bunk, for from above came desperate screams and, behold, Miss Mary dashing along like a sprint man. She paused long enough at the top of the stairs to point a finger directly at Sandy and cry: "Stop him! Don't let that colored boy get away!" Sandy's mouth flew open. The guard who had just let him go leaped on him, knocking him to the floor, and others ran to the spot with drawn pistols. The guard pulled Sandy's left arm up behind his back as he lay there, forcing it higher and higher until Sandy thought it would break.

Miss Mary arrived, gasping, her tic galloping across her face, and without admonishing the guard, said: "I'm so glad you didn't get away. Mr. Tyler read your note and would like to see you."

"Leggo," Sandy cried.

"Don't worry. Miss Mary, I'll hold the nigger till the police get here," the guard said.

"No, Harry, let him up," Miss Mary said. "Mr. Tyler wants to see him."

"Mr. Tyler does?" the guard said, a vacant look cross-

ing his face. He let go, and Sandy sprang up, shaking his arm. He leaned down and picked up his hat, brushed it off and, making sure that there was no further mistake and that all the pistols had been returned to their holders, he strode past Miss Mary, took the steps two at a time and walked briskly down the hall to where Davis Tyler waited impatiently outside his office door. He shook Sandy's hand warmly and, clasping him about the far shoulder, directed him into his office and to the soft leather chair across from his desk. "I'll try to get back to you, Shipley," he told Pine just before he closed the door.

In all his short life Sandy had never had any real negotiations with white people. His neighborhood, his schools, and his outlook were all, necessarily, black. The reason that he was now sitting in the office of the most powerful hunk in Baltimore was not, however, because Sandy perceived L. Davis Tyler to be some Great White Father he had to turn to. On the contrary, Sandy saw him only as an associate. Sandy Tatler was a very bright young man. It was just that never before had he been presented with a situation that so tested his intelligence.

Sandy had concluded that he had obtained the tickets only through some large error, and that the slightest miscalculation on his part would reveal that error to someone and result in his losing the tickets. By himself, he had no chance. But here young Roosevelt Tatler affirmed his untested intellectual mettle: nobody in Baltimore was going to take tickets away from L. Davis Tyler.

The reception that he received from Tyler was so extraordinary, however, that Sandy realized he had only dimly perceived the real power of his tickets. By the time the president had finished offering Sandy cigars, minis and ice water and showing him some of the more valuable mementos of his office, Sandy realized that he was holding all the cards. Davis Tyler was, it seemed, anxious to be his angel. So, drawing a deep breath, Sandy announced:

"Sir, now, Mr. Davis Tyler, sir, I have 10 Colt season tickets on the 50-yard line, Section 10." As soon as he said that, Sandy could see Tyler preparing to ask him where the hell he got these tickets, and since Sandy did not want to get into that, he handed over the ticket application acceptance form and kept talking as fast as he could. "Now, sir, Mr. Tyler, all I want for myself is two tickets. If you will pay for my two tickets, I will give you two tickets, and you can take the other six and sell them to the other workers in the bunk."

Tyler turned the ticket confirmation over in his hands. "You're the R. Tatler listed at this address?"

"Yes, sir. That's me."

"All right," Tyler said. "It's a deal." Sandy couldn't believe it. "On one condition," Tyler added quickly.

"Yes, sir?"

"That you give me an option on the deal next season." Sandy did not know what "option" meant. "I don't know," he said, stalling.

"You drive a hard bargain," Tyler replied, smiling. "I'll tell you what. Give me an option on just five of the tickets next year, then four the year after that, then three, and so on—and I'll still always pay for your two. In a few years, you'll have control of all the tickets. How's that?" Sandy began to comprehend what an option was. Also, for the

continued

first time, he appreciated that he was going to get these same tickets year in and year out, perpetually. That is the way it is with season tickets.

"Yes, sir," Davis Tyler stuck out his hand, and they shook on it. Then he pushed a button, and Miss Mary came hustling in. "Miss Mary," Tyler said, "have a draft drawn up for my signature for \$300, payable to the Baltimore Colts." Miss Mary left in a confused bustle.

Tyler leaned back in his big chair and looked carefully over at Sandy, who was smiling proudly and fingering his porkpie hat. This had to be the smartest colored boy he had ever met. Also, it occurred to Tyler (for he was a now forward-looking man) that within a few years, banks—which is to say, especially the First Merchants Trust—were surely going to have to hire colored people as tellers and maybe even assistant branch managers and whatnot. As fast as things were going, this was a distinct possibility. "You in school, Mr. Tyler?" Tyler asked.

"Yes, sir, Dunbar."

"Heem. You going to college?"

Sandy had never thought seriously about college. "Yes, sir," he replied quickly. "I want to go to the college."

"Well fine," Tyler said, "and when you graduate, you come back and see me, and I'm sure there'll be a job here for you." He paused. "Maybe even as a teller."

"Yes, sir," Sandy said. This was the damndest thing he

had ever heard of. Miss Mary came back with the check, and Mr. Tyler signed it. Shapley Pine stared in amazement as Sandy departed.

Sandy picked up the tickets, after receiving the most profuse apologies from the poor clerk who had called Mr. Tyler up for a verification of his signature, and brought Tyler's eight back to him. He was introduced, effusively, to Mr. Carl Kramant of the Federal Reserve Board and served coffee. His future as a valued employee of the First Merchants Trust was discussed in detail.

Every Sunday that fall Sandy attended the Colt games, where Mr. Tyler would introduce him to Mrs. Tyler and the other dignitaries whom the bank invited to use the extra six seats. For the San Francisco game there were Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, six other bank presidents, Sandy, and his friend June Ellison, to whom he had sold his extra ticket that week. With the money that Sandy obtained from the sale of this ticket every week he bought himself a snappy suit of clothes, two shirts with Mr. B collars and some Mojado hose for his mother.

In February, after the season, dressed in his new clothes, Sandy got on the No. 11 bus line and traveled out to Johns Hopkins University. There, for the price of two Colt season tickets—his extra and the one that reverted back to him in the bank option deal—Sandy obtained the guarantee of entrance and scholarship (one for each), He



matericulated there in the fall, and with industrious study, graduated Phi Beta Kappa. Near the end of his senior year, Sandy went down to the Fifth Regiment Armory and volunteered to the sergeant for service in the Maryland National Guard. The sergeant, one Ansel Topper, E-6, said that the quota had, sadly, been filled only moments before. Sandy mentioned this business about a Colt season ticket on the 50-yard line. The week following his graduation, he was on the train to Fort Knox, Ky., a proud member—one of the few blacks in history—of the 29th Guard Division.

While Sandy was serving his six months active duty, Davis Tyler was dispatched in an unfortunate shooting accident near Eason, Md. He was, it seems, mistaken for a low-flying canvashack duck by Mrs. Tyler. While this ended Sandy's hopes for a job with First Merchants Trust, it did give him back the rights to two more season tickets, so he wrote Shipley Pine and asked him if he would like a couple of tickets. Shipley said he and his brother, Rogers Pine, would be delighted. Immediately upon his return from active duty, Sandy became the first Negro broker ever employed by Pine Brothers and Moore.

A few months later Sandy married the former Cynthia Green, the daughter of a prominent black surgeon in New York. He had met Cynthia while she was attending Goucher College in Towson. The newweds drove away from

the church in a magnificent new Oldsmobile 88, which Sandy had obtained a few days before on a sort of permanent trade-out basis from Mickey Shadducks of Mickey Shadducks Olds. Mickey was a great Colts fan.

Shortly afterward Sandy approached Sergeant Ansel Topper and informed him that he would like to apply for National Guard officers training. Sergeant Topper said, that, sadly, the last vacancy had been filled. Sandy replied that it seemed the Colt ticket he had allotted Sergeant Topper for the past three years would no longer be available to him. A check of the records, Sergeant Topper explained, showed that one officer candidate position had just opened up unexpectedly. Sandy graduated the course with honors, and was commissioned a second lieutenant, the second black man to obtain officer status in the Maryland National Guard.

His first summer camp as an officer, at A. P. Hill, Va., Sandy encountered Pfc. Jerry Start, who was serving, disgruntled, as his platoon's pots and pans man on K.P. Sandy discovered grease on one particularly vital pot that Jerry had allegedly cleaned and, in true officer fashion, he explained to Jerry that this greasy pot would surely bring the whole regiment down with the worst case of diarrhea known in medical annals. Jerry, who did not like being lectured to by a black man, protested that he was miscast for this low-life assignment, that he was a homeowner, about to take up em-

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KINGDOM continued

ployment with the grand old Baltimore stock firm of Pine Brothers and Moore. Jerry dropped a pot on his foot when Sandy replied that he already worked for that very establishment. Not long after, for the price of one Colt season ticket (and absolution from KP), Jerry agreed to sell the house in Far Lake Estates to Lieut. Tatler.

Thus it was that Colt season tickets had provided Sandy with an introduction to the white Establishment, with a free college education, a Phi Beta Kappa key, an escape from the draft, a National Guard commission, a fancy new automobile every year, a respectable white-collar job and a pleasant house in an otherwise all-white community. At Colt games, there on the 50-yard line in Section 10, Sandy sat on the aisle. Next to him sat Shipley Pine, and next to him, Rogers Pine. Then came the two gentlemen from Johns Hopkins, Dean of Admissions Elton Webber and Professor T.J. Trombley of the scholarship board. Then came Sergeant Ansel Topper, Mackey Shadducks of Mackey Shadducks Olds and Jerry Start. The two tickets at the end were provided by Sandy to potential business clients. With the enticement of a 50-yard-line ticket, Sandy was able to draw customers away from some of the most successful brokers in the city and to earn a reputation as a leader in the profession.

Of course, he only gave these first two tickets away on a game-to-game basis. They were Sandy's hole cards, and the other members of his season-ticket club—having learned from each other during halftime discussions how Sandy had used each of them—often speculated on who would get those final two tickets. What more did Sandy Tatler want? Did he hope to be the first black in the Elkridge Club? A better house, maybe even in Guilford or Ruxton? Did he want to be an Episcopalian? Gulman School for his young son Theodore? A summer place on Gibson Island? Or had Sandy decided that what he really wanted was to be mayor of Baltimore?

This was not as farfetched as it might seem. More limited men than Sandy, trading on far less than two 50-yard-line tickets had become mayor of Baltimore. The truth is, as Sandy Tatler knew, that pro football season tickets had become modern America's most useful currency, the equivalent of what money, position and family once had been.

END



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HOOPS AND HOLLERS

Sirs,

Regarding your pro basketball preview (Oct. 16), I must take exception to your "Three Clubs vs. One Knee-cap" heading for the NBA Atlantic Division, and the "Super Division" classification for the NBA West. The Boston Celtics already have proved the absurdity of these claims.

The Celtics, with the acquisition of Paul Silas (worth much more to Boston than Charlie Scott), are able to beat any team in the league, including New York, regardless of the status of Willy Reed's knee. To substantiate this, one need only look at Boston's first-week victories over Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles, the "Super Division" powerhouse. In the victory over the Lakers (*On Tour But Not in Town*, Oct. 23), Dave Cowens and Silas teamed for 33 rebounds.

Your cover should have depicted a player from the team that has always espoused teamwork, i.e., the Boston Celtics, rather than Will Chamberlain. Please pass the word: the Celtics are back.

ALAN D. PERRAULT

Weymouth, Mass.

Sirs:

I question your choice of the Kentucky Colonels to come out on top in the ABA East. The Colonels are not as good as everybody seems to think. They proved that last year in the playoffs when they were blown off the court by the New York Nets.

Rick Barry is, in my opinion, the best forward in pro basketball today, and the Nets will indeed miss him. However, the maturing of John Roche and the acquisition of Jim Chones should outweigh Rick's leaving. Roche became a star in his own right in the playoffs, and he and Bill Melchionne make up the best backcourt combination in the league. Tom Washington is a proven defensive forward, especially considering the job he did on Dan Issel last year. There is no way in the world the Nets can fail this year.

TOM SATTLER

Valley Stream, N.Y.

Sirs:

Rick Barry is the best forward in the pros. In your Oct. 16 *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* column, you said Franklin Mielch, owner of the Golden State Warriors, was taking a chance by getting Barry from the Nets, instead of giving him up for \$1 million, because of Rick's fragile knees. Well, Barry has won scoring titles in both pro leagues. He has averaged 30.5 points a game in his career and, with him, as you will find out, the Warriors will win the NBA title. If it were not for Mark

Spritz winning seven gold medals in the Olympics, I would nominate Rick Barry for Sportsman of the Year.

CHARLETON L. CUMMINGS
La Follette, Tenn.

NASTY

Sirs,

Re the Nastase (*Bad Is Beautiful*, Oct. 16), there is a difference between the "badness" of Joe Namath, Muhammad Ali, Derek Sanderson *et al.* and that of Nastase. The former are notorious for their activities off the playing field. If they do commit any of Nastase's "an-ee-mall" antics during the game, they are subject to penalties, fines and even suspension.

Not only does Nastase get away with his puerile behavior but, mainly because of it, he is now being touted by the nation's top sports magazine as "just the person needed" to catapult tennis into "total public acceptance and the big time."

I didn't know tennis was that desperate!

PERLA HENRY
Tennis Coach

Rutledge College
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Hey, babe, nice article you write about Nasty. Curry Kirkpatrick is to be commended for a story as colorful and provocative as the new clown prince of tennis. Well done,

TOM SUTHER

Hollywood, Fla.

THE TIGER'S TALE

Sirs,

I watched the Tigers give Oakland a run for the money in the American League playoffs, and I am disgusted. Not with the Tigers. In my opinion, they deserved to be the team playing Cincinnati for the world championship. What I am disgusted about is the coverage that they received during the stretch and the playoffs. Detroit and Boston gave baseball fans all over the country something to watch. It seems that whenever there is a close race for the pennant, the Tigers are one of the teams in it. But the only coverage that appeared in your magazine was to be found in *BANHAM'S WEEK*. You were not even so kind as to write anything about our superstar, Al Kaline, and his fantastic stretch drive. Someone who has contributed as much to baseball as he has in the last 20 years should get some recognition. The whole team showed how good it was during those last two weeks.

Your article *Mud About the Game* (Oct. 16) capped the whole lousy coverage. How could you try to discredit the Tigers by calling them old folks? They showed that age

has very little to do with the game, as long as you are still willing to try. Players like Tony Taylor, Duke Sims, Gates Brown, Norm Cash and Al Kaline showed that the will was still there. I congratulate all of the Tigers on a fine season.

JERRY RICHARDSON
East Lansing, Mich.

DIVISIONAL THINKING

Sirs,

I feel I must raise my voice in disagreement with your contention that by "splitting the leagues to create four artificial races instead of two real ones" baseball may have hurt rather than helped itself (*Second Curve*, Oct. 9). Although a race between the two National League powers, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, was precluded by their separation by division, the American League race was made much more exciting by that very same separation. Surely there would have been a dearth of enthusiasm among Eastern A.L. fans had the Tigers, Red Sox, Orioles and Yankees been battling for the third, fourth, fifth and sixth places behind the Oakland A's and Chicago White Sox. Oakland is too far away from these four Eastern cities to have evoked anything more than a few uninterested yawns.

ED DeCARO

Chula Vista, Calif.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY

Sirs,

It appears your article on Charles O. Finley (*Charles O. Finley: A Pennant or Three*, Oct. 9) came at a most appropriate time. Just as Finley was complaining that "there hasn't been one significant rule change [in baseball] in the last 86 years," Bert Campaneris took it upon himself to provide the spark needed.

I foresee a new rule being passed, possibly as early as next year. Each hit batter (therefore designated as "hit by pitcher" and placed in the score book as HBP) will now be allowed one free swing with his bat at the offending pitcher. If he is successful and strikes the pitcher (thereafter designated as "hit by batter" and scored as HBB), the batter will be allowed to advance to second base. If he is unsuccessful, he will advance only to first base. No longer would a pitcher be able to stand out on the mound and hurl baseballs 90 mph at quivering batters while he attempts to find his control.

But the biggest benefits of all might come with the necessary rule-book changes. Just think of the possibilities: the distance between pitcher and batter would have to be established, the number of steps allowed in the windup of the pitcher would have to be set, substitute fingers could be used for those

continued

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18TH HOLE *continued*

who are injured too badly to fling for themselves; balk rules would be needed for those who make false flings, and, of course, to satisfy nonpurists who wish to speed up the game, a time limit between being hit and flinging would have to be established.

There is another factor to consider, though. How about the player who has trouble hitting the pitcher? Can you imagine being branded for life as good glove, good bat, no fling.

BILL DOUBRE

Tigard, Ore.

Sirs:

It is impossible to say if Bert Campaneris was intentionally hit by Detroit Pitcher Lee-rin LaGrow. Only LaGrow would know for sure. But there is no doubt as to what Campaneris thought, which was clearly demonstrated as he threw his bat at LaGrow's head. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's decision to let Campaneris play in the World Series and then continue the suspension for the first seven days of the 1973 season can only be termed outrageous.

BRAD R. COHEN

Charleston, W. Va.

TAKING IT LITERALLY

Sirs:

Regarding the picture at the bottom of pages 44-45 of your preview of the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen (*Woodstock on Wheels*, Oct. 2), what were you trying to get across to your readers? The caption read: "Young and happy crowds, living and littering it up with abandon and enjoying the event. . . ." That was a pitiful thing to do on your part. Do you see anything that is happy about it? It is bad enough that people litter the landscape, but it is worse that you publicize it.

MICHAEL BORAC

Cumberland, R. I.

NEW CHAMP

Sirs:

My sincere congratulations to Robert F. Jones on a fine article on Emerson Fittipaldi (*New Boy in an Old Man's Game*, Oct. 2). He has won his first championship, which should pave the way for many more. The "Whoa" of São Paulo is on his way.

DAVID BRANDON

San Jose, Calif.

Sirs:

My thanks for an enjoyable article on the 1972 world driving champion, Emerson Fittipaldi. It started me thinking about the Lotus team as a whole. A check of the records revealed that Team Lotus has amassed five world titles in the last 10 seasons, and 39 championship victories in 109 events over the same period. How about a follow-up piece on the mastermind behind this truly

continued

To the 56,000,000 people who smoke cigarettes.

A lot of people have been telling you not to smoke, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine. But smoking provides you with a pleasure you don't want to give up.

Naturally, we're prejudiced. We're in the business of selling cigarettes.

But there is one overriding fact that transcends whether you should or shouldn't smoke and that fact is that you do smoke.

And what are they going to do about that?

They can continue to exhort you not to smoke. Or they might look reality in the face and recommend that, if you smoke and want low 'tar' and nicotine in a cigarette, you smoke a cigarette like Vantage.

And we'll go along with that, because there is no other cigarette like Vantage. Except Vantage.

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

Not that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. (But you probably wouldn't like the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette anyway.)

The plain truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar'.

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So much flavor that you'll never miss your high 'tar' cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol, 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

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18TH HOLE *continues*

excellent record, Anthony Colin Bruce Chapman, to name him in full. What I really would like, though, is to see a satellite telecast of every GP event like those lucky Brazilians do.

Visalia, Calif.

DANA STARR

Sirs:

The first page of your article on Emerson Fittipaldi caused me considerable eye-strain. The problem was one of adjustment in trying to read the prose while seeing on the facing page, out of the corner of my left eye, a competitor oil company's trademark patch displayed on the world champion's jacket.

Your fine photo of Fittipaldi was obviously taken at last year's U.S. Grand Prix, when—in fact, another company was providing fuel for his racing team. Last year Emerson did not win the world drivers' championship. This year he did. Last year he wore another oil company's patch on his sleeve. This year he is wearing a Texaco patch.

We at Texaco take great pride in the fact that Emerson Fittipaldi has won the Grand Prix world drivers' championship using Texaco's fuel and lubricants.

P. B. HICKS JR.
Vice President

Sales Department-U.S.
Texaco, Inc.
New York City

JAY TIME'S TEMPERATURE Sirs:

I strongly disagree with Mr. John Haves' comments concerning Jay Time's performance in *The Little Brown Jug (This Stroke Out West Stroke in the Jug, Oct. 2)*. He said: "All horses have high temperatures after a tough race in hot weather. I think that 27-second quarter is what finished him off." He had nothing left, and they just didn't want him to be humiliated again." Sure, all horses have high temperatures during competition, but Jay's temperature of 105.2° was much higher than it should have been, considering his average temperature is around 100°. I also feel fairly certain that Jay could handle a 27-second quarter as he has done countless 28s. Humiliation was not considered when the veterinarian and driver decided to scratch him. The horse had a definite recurrence of the illness that he had had the previous Sunday, Sept. 17. Hopefully, I have shed some light on a clearly one-sided story.

JAMES CHRISTIAN SHAW

Columbus, Ohio

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1. You get a full year on parts (picture tube... 2 years) and labor. Most other color TV models are not 100% solid state—and give you only 90 days on labor.
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Here are the basic provisions. If anything goes wrong with your new XL-100 within a year from



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the day you ship—and if it's broken, we'll pay to have it fixed. This includes regular labor charges plus parts new or at our cost some built. Use only service shop in which you have confidence—who need to pick from an authorized list. If your set has a 19" diagonal screen, you take it in for service. For larger sets, a serviceman will come to your home. Present the warranty registration card, and RCA will pay the repair bill. If the picture tube becomes defective during the first two years, we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.) RCA's "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

Color you can count on.

